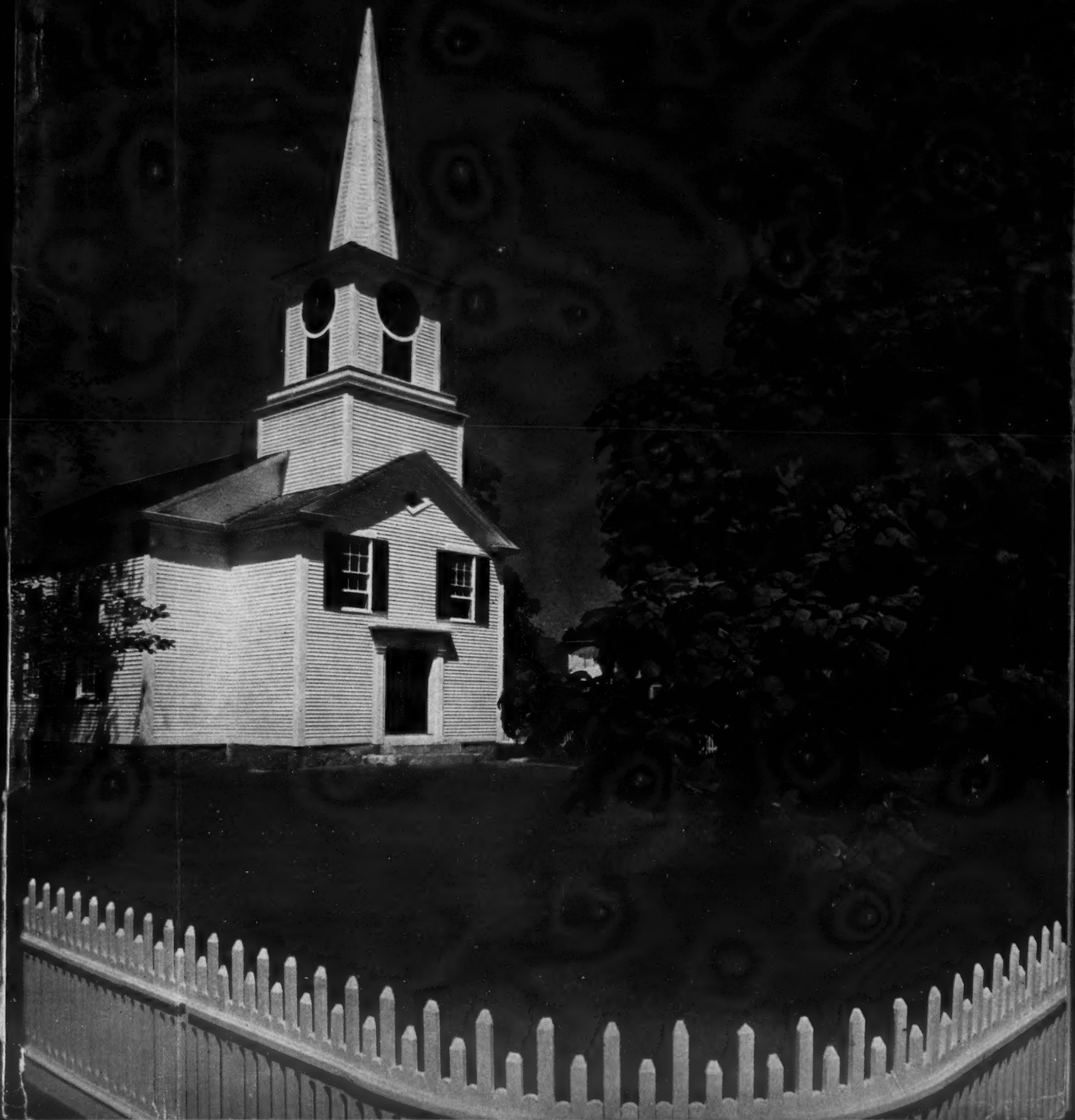


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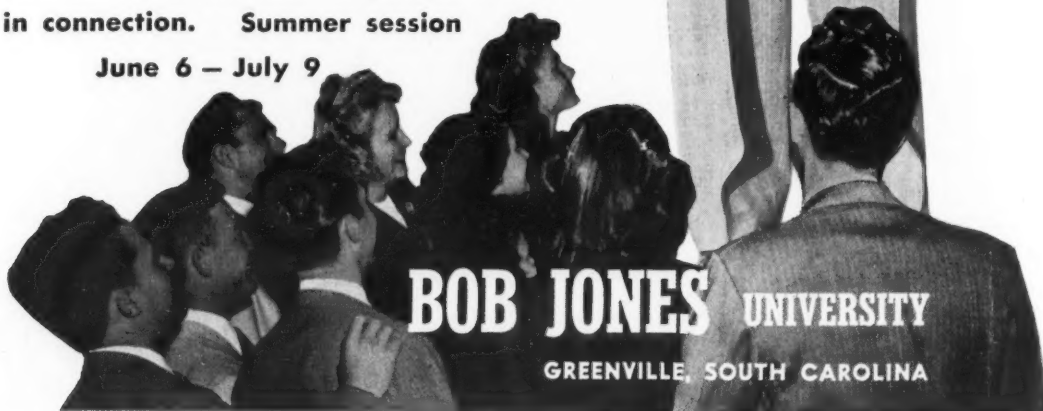
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VOL. 72

# CHRISTIAN HERALD

No. 5

OUR PLATFORM: Christian Herald is a family magazine for all denominations, dedicated to this platform: To advance the cause of Evangelical Christianity; to serve the needy at home and abroad; to achieve temperance through education; to champion religious, social and economic tolerance; to make Church unity a reality; to labor for a just and lasting peace; to work with all who seek a Christlike world.

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FRONTISPIECE: Photograph by John Kabel

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HARRY G. SANDSTROM • Associate Editors • ELLA J. KLEIN

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## Among Those Present

**Benjamin F. Schwartz** (*Jesus and the Family Circle*, page 30) is pastor of historic Washington Avenue Methodist Church, Kansas City, Kan., which traces its origin back to the Wyandotte Indian Mission in Upper Sandusky, Ohio. When the tribe came to what is now Kansas City, in 1843, it brought the mission with it. Dr. Schwartz was born in Indiana, educated in Iowa (Grinnell and Iowa Wesleyan) and at the Boston U. School of Theology. He received his D.D. degree from Iowa Wesleyan. For two years he was chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University. Until last year he was a member of the Methodist Board of Education. He has written numerous articles for religious and educational periodicals. In between, Dr. Schwartz has done a bit of globe trotting and King Christian of Denmark bestowed a Special Peace Anniversary medal on him.



**Martha King Davis**, who authored the touching *The Bestest Secret*, page 28, was born, she openly admits, "several years ago" and educated at Monson Academy and the Lucy Wheelock School.



She began writing about twenty years ago and has sold numerous short stories to both American and British magazines. For fifteen years she taught a course for beginners at Danbury (Conn.) First Congregational Church. At present she is teaching a class in writing at Danbury State Teachers College. She has a daughter who is also a Wheelock graduate, and two granddaughters. "One of my greatest joys right now," she confesses, "is a little chickadee who pecks peanut butter from my fingers every morning!"

**Isabel Cornell** has been conducting the "Woman's Place" department since November, 1947. This month we reluctantly say "Ave and Farewell" to her. Demands of family and home have compelled Mrs. Cornell to relinquish her post. Our readers, we know, will join us in declaring that under her aegis the department has been rendering a unique service; the over-stuffed mailbags that have arrived every month, addressed to the department, attest to that.

She graduated from the College of Home Economics at Cornell University and married a medical student there of the same name. He is now a doctor specializing in



CHRISTIAN HERALD



surgery; she specializes in daughters—"Cricket," 5, and Mary, 1½. As a college student, Mrs. Cornell dreamed of one day running a restaurant, thus she majored in food and institutional management. After one year in a New York restaurant, she went with *Woman's Day* where she enjoyed her work of judging recipe contests, creating and pricing recipes and menus, testing new products, photographing food and table settings and writing recipe booklets. "You need a good appetite for food work," she warns, "because in the same morning you may be tasting pickles, spaghetti and fried fish!"

She began to free-lance during the war, working mostly at nights and more than once wound up a session of recipe writing by washing dishes at 3 a. m. She wrote for *House Beautiful*, *Life*, *Today's Woman*, *Parents*. She admits getting a kick out of writing "Woman's Place" because "I can write about all the things women enjoy doing. The only trouble is I'm back to night-work again because I'm not one of those talented people who writes better with children swarming in and out, livestock crouching around the typewriter and writing in snatches between hanging up the laundry, getting meals and answering the door and the telephone."

After ten years in New York City, she is enjoying the old house she recently bought in the suburbs. Mrs. Cornell and her husband joined the Mt. Vernon First Presbyterian Church shortly after their arrival and they have been active in the church and its many organizations ever since.

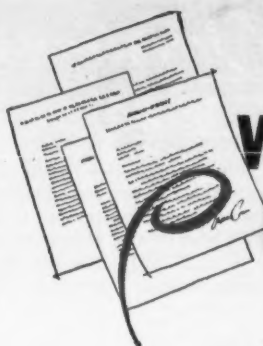
Next month we will introduce Mrs. Cornell's successor in the "Woman's Place" department.

**Trella Dick** (*The Rector's Garden*, page 19) likes to write stories because she feels, with Alexander Pope, that "The proper study of mankind is man." However, she would substitute "most fascinating" for "proper." Getting imaginary people into imaginary situations and getting them out comes under the head of "fun" with her.



Mrs. Dick started writing juveniles when her children were small. They would rush home from school at noon and pant, "Did you get another chapter written, Mom? Let's hear it!" Lunch waited while, with mouths agape, they listened to it. "It wouldn't take a psychiatrist to discover why I write about young mothers now," she avers, "since each of our three girls is a young mother." Their boy is a senior in high school and Mrs. Dick would enjoy writing about adolescents, but she "can't master their jargon."

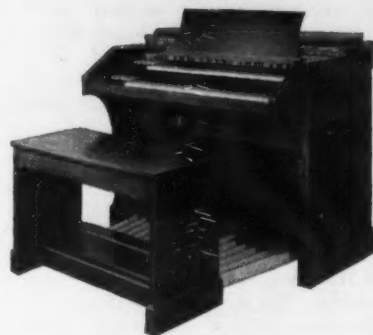
She thinks she may be forced into writing juveniles again, for her four-year-old granddaughter is already demanding stories from her and there are "three cunning grandsons who will soon join her. What fun! I must dust off my manuscripts about Patch, the dog; Twitter, the grouse-chick; and Skippy, the squirrel. And I'd better hurry," she declares, "or Grandpa will get ahead of me—he's a very fine storyteller himself!"



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### Hollywood Offenders

• *What can we do to counteract the influence of such "artists" as Rita Hayworth who travels over the world as the "companion" of an already too-much-married prince? She involves her child who accompanies the "sullied pair." Also, do you not think the movie industry should condemn this and other similar spectacles? When, in recent times, have the producers really disciplined the big offenders?*

You who read this question have the answer. As to disciplining big offenders—marijuana smokers, illicit sex specialists, etc.—recently at least there has been little. It has been a long time since Will Hays laid a heavy hand on Fatty Arbuckle. This Rita Hayworth episode is the most noxious of all—and she is even quoted as saying that she will "stay in pictures." Here is a chance for the movie industry to make a gesture in the direction of decency. But Rita Hayworth and all other offenders constitute only a fraction of motion-picture artists, the overwhelming majority of whom are decent and thoroughly fine.

### Blood and Thunder Stories

• *No. Do not review "blood and thunder" stories. These murder mysteries are not in the spirit of CHRISTIAN HERALD. Do you think they are?*

I do not think that books such as those described in this question are "in the spirit of CHRISTIAN HERALD." We had no idea of reviewing such, but some of the finest fiction is mystery fiction and in the best sense of the word good and distinguished literature. We should have made this more clear before asking for the opinion of our readers.

### "Peace of Mind"

• *I have just finished reading "Peace of Mind." For me it is so incomplete. It lacks what is the heart of the whole matter: "I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." How can Christians be satisfied with "peace of mind"?*

I feel exactly as you do about the very remarkable book, "Peace of Mind." For me, too, it is inadequate because it lacks just the message that you know and claim, but it is a distinguished philosophical writing so far as it goes,

a healing ministry for the minds and hearts of troubled men and women. There are seventy million people in the United States who do not belong to any synagogue or any faith. Among these are multitudes who are distressed and broken.

### Inter-faith Programs

• *Recently Berkeley, California, school-children attended joint programs in which they had explained to them the Jewish Festival of Lights (Chanukah) and then saw the Christian Christmas celebration. They were told that the latter in many of its particulars was the outgrowth of the former. What do you think of this?*

OAKLAND, CALIF.

C. E. J.

I like it very much. I am glad that there are similar programs in many other cities and that their number increases steadily. As I have observed them, only good has come from them.

### Predestination

• *I am debating with my friend as to whether death only results when it is God's will that I should die. I hold that my time is fixed; my friend believes that while we cannot escape death, we may hasten it. By the same reasoning she believes that it is possible for us to die before God's will has been accomplished in us. What do you think?*

CLEVELAND, O.

B. C.

I find myself supporting the position of your friend. A very wise man once said, "A man is immortal until his work is done," and another has said, "If my life plan is set to the will of God, then its time schedule is kept in Heaven." That really states the case as I understand and accept it.

### Resurrection of the Body

• *Please go a step farther in what you have previously said about your faith in the resurrection. I cannot understand, nor indeed accept, that statement of the Creed which affirms faith in the "resurrection of the body."*

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

M. S.

The "resurrection of the body" as we recite the Creed refers not to flesh and bone and blood but to "a spiritual body." In I Corinthians 15:44, Paul expresses it as follows: "It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." Indeed, the entire chapter em-

phasizes the particulars of what I believe concerning this whole matter. For many, the spiritual body is personality—the you of you, that which makes you different and sets you apart as an individual soul from every other person. I believe—indeed for me this faith is knowledge—that beyond the grave I shall know and I shall be known just as definitely as I know now and am known.

### Protestants in R. C. Schools

• *Do you know of any instance in which a Protestant has taught in a parochial (Roman Catholic) school?*

MARYLAND

W. E. W.

I understand that there are instances in which Protestants have taught special subjects in parochial schools. Personally I know of no such instance.

### Reverent Worship

• *My friend and I have disagreed as to the moment when worship begins. I do not think that it is proper to whisper at any time after you have entered the sanctuary.*

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

N. B.

I quite agree with you. For me the church service starts when I enter the sanctuary, and the silence of reverent worship should begin as I cross the threshold.

### Where Does the Soul Go?

• *Where does man's soul go right after death?*

WISCONSIN

M. J. S.

I can only answer this question with my personal conviction. I believe that after death man's soul goes immediately to God who created it. Scriptural passages that greatly help me are the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th chapters of St. John, also the 15th chapter of I Corinthians.

### Used Greeting Cards

• *Are there places where used greeting cards and picture postcards are really used and found helpful?*

NEW YORK

L. C.

One of our readers writes describing a visit to a state institution for the mentally ill. He says: "Old Christmas cards were being sorted, bells, madonnas, Santa Clauses, and other pictures were cut out. A few patients were selecting cards and comparing their own names—John, Mary, etc. Also, scrapbooks were being made and every kind of card was helpful."

This friend also speaks of postage stamps helping in the education of a Negro child. Dr. Ronald H. Kettle, superintendent, Norwich State Hospital, Norwich, Conn., is the first address mentioned and Piney Woods School, Piney Woods, Miss., the second.

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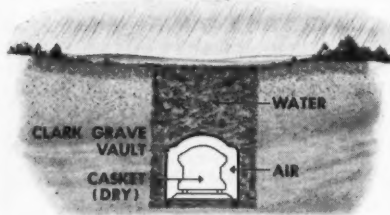


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## Bob Has a Hobby

By DELBERT LEAN

I WONDER if we didn't entertain a scientist last night. It came upon me, in a flash, that Bob was showing us the pathway of his dreams. He doesn't know it yet. He's only fifteen years of age, and yet it gradually came to all the older folks that sat upon our porch last night and listened in, that something wonderful had taken hold of Bob. We felt, somehow, the full force of the lines the poet wrote: "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The way it came about was this: For many years, the neighbors on our lake have had a little club. We organized it many years ago for the benefit and entertainment of our children, principally. We soon found out that much of the season's fun for all of us, both young and old, would center round that North Shore Swimming Club. At intervals, throughout the summer season, we held meetings to discuss, with much display of gravity and seriousness, the problems of the club and neighborhood. We had a constitution and elected a full slate of officers. With some slight guidance and with veiled suggestion from the older folks, the children served as officers and did committee work. The dues were small—ten cents a year—within the reach of all, you see, and every visitor that came to our community was a prospective member and seldom could resist the pressure that was brought to bear to have him join this club, and when he did the treasurer was almost instantly on hand to make collection of the dues.

We have a most distinguished list of members on our rolls. Men and women

from almost every walk of life. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, preachers, men and women of prominence in the business or professional world, even college professors and college presidents have placed their names upon our rolls and, what is more, they have paid their dues in full.

Of course, the children did grow up and then went off, but some of them now brought their children back and so the circle widened, until it was our children's children who carried on the club. Now, last night quite a few were back and so the club must have a meeting on our front porch. All through the years, the entertainment for the evening was always furnished by the younger folks. They exercised their ingenuity in any way they chose, while all the older folks sat back and watched and thoroughly enjoyed it all.

LAST night a game of forfeits was proposed. The simple manner of the game was this: a name was called, the person rose, a question was asked. If he or she could not correctly answer it, a forfeit was paid. Bob's name was called. He rose reluctantly and failed to answer correctly when the question came. His forfeit was to tell the audience all about his hobby. Now most of us were unaware that Bob had such a thing. We wondered what he'd say. We knew that he was just a sophomore in high school and none of us were quite prepared—except his mother, I presume—for what he had to tell.

He hesitated a bit, at first. He feared, he said, that telling of his hobby might  
(Continued on page 32)

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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SAYS



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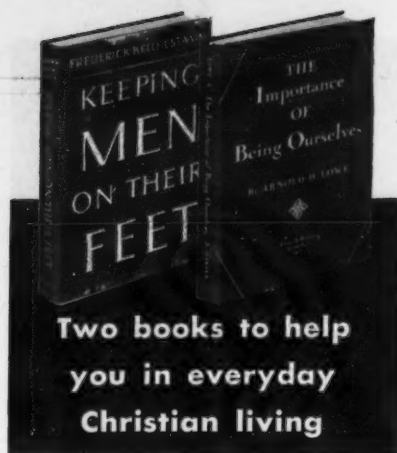
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See page 67

for details of  
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**FREDERICK K. STAMM**

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# Sunday School Lessons

**BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS**

**By Amos John Traver**

● **Sunday, May 1st**

## JESUS IS KING

MARK 11:1-11, 15-18

**I**T WAS only seventeen miles from Jericho to Jerusalem. At Jericho Jesus had healed the blind Bartimeus. Jesus and His disciples could walk the distance to Bethany in five or six hours and there would find a warm welcome in the home of Lazarus and his sisters. From Bethany to Jerusalem they would pass through the village of Bethphage. Jesus sent two of his disciples into the village with strange instructions. They would find a colt there, tied at a certain place. Matthew includes the mother ass in the story. When the owner asked by what authority they would appropriate the animals, they were to answer: "The Lord has need of them."

Quite evidently the owner knew and respected Jesus and made no further objections. He would qualify as a model disciple. Jesus, the King, has priority over all the possessions of His disciples. The colt had never known a rider. Too bad that humble beast could not know the immortal fame it would attain that day. On its back the disciples placed their own mantles and Jesus rode in royal triumph into Jerusalem.

At last, the disciples thought, Jesus is playing the part of a real king. Interpretations differ as to the symbolism of the ass's colt. Some emphasize that kings often rode upon the ass, and it was a sign of royalty. Others note that the ass was a beast of burden and make it the symbol of humility. No doubt there is truth in both interpretations. John remembered that Zechariah 9:9, a prophecy generally applied to the Messiah, called for the colt of an ass on which the king would ride in triumph. Clearly in this detail, Jesus was claiming Messiahship.

Stirred to enthusiasm by the disciples of Jesus, the crowds gathered to hail their king. What a day that was for the disciples! Surely they had not understood Jesus when He had spoken of His coming death. Surely their Master was now committing Himself to revolt against Rome and the building of a new world empire. The crowds caught something of their hope and enthusiasm. News of the raising of Lazarus from the grave had spread like wild fire (John 12:17). This added fuel to the flames of excitement. Everyone was

eager to be present if new and greater wonders were to be performed by the Prophet of Galilee.

THEY HAILED Jesus as a king. Palm branches stripped from the trees lining the road were strewed in His path. Cloaks were laid on the roadway for Him to ride over. There were shouts of "Hosanna" and some quoted the words of Psalm 118:26—generally understood to apply to the Messiah. Jesus was "King for a Day" in Jerusalem. He accepted their acclaim as rightfully His. Yet, tears were close to the surface as He realized how little those who shouted "Hosanna" understood the character of His Kingdom.

Jesus also knew that His triumphal entry into Jerusalem made His death inevitable. His enemies could not allow His popularity to continue. Some honestly feared that such demonstrations would stir the Roman governor to more repressive measures against the Jews. Others shared with the chief priests the jealous fear that national leadership and the prestige of their position would be taken from them by this Galilean carpenter. No wonder Luke described Jesus as weeping over Jerusalem (Luke 19:41-44).

Some of the Pharisees tried in vain to stop the celebration. But Jesus rode on straight to the temple. After a short stay in its courts, He returned to Bethany with His disciples. What an evening of celebration that must have been! But how little Jesus could share the wild enthusiasm of His disciples. Yes, Jesus was their king, but not after their pattern of kingship. The authority of Jesus depended not on armed might nor efficiently organized government. His was the kingship of meekness founded only on the power of love.

One of the pastors of a former generation wrote his autobiography. In it he sought to give the secrets of his ministry to the young men who would continue his work. One of his most significant sentences was this: "For more than forty years I have studied the easy passes into the human heart." This was Jesus' reliance for the building of His Kingdom. Mountain ranges of pride, prejudice, selfish ambitions and worldly interests bar the way to human hearts. Yet there are always passes through them where the love of Christ can enter. Jesus will not force them.

(Continued on page 74)



## For Boys and Girls



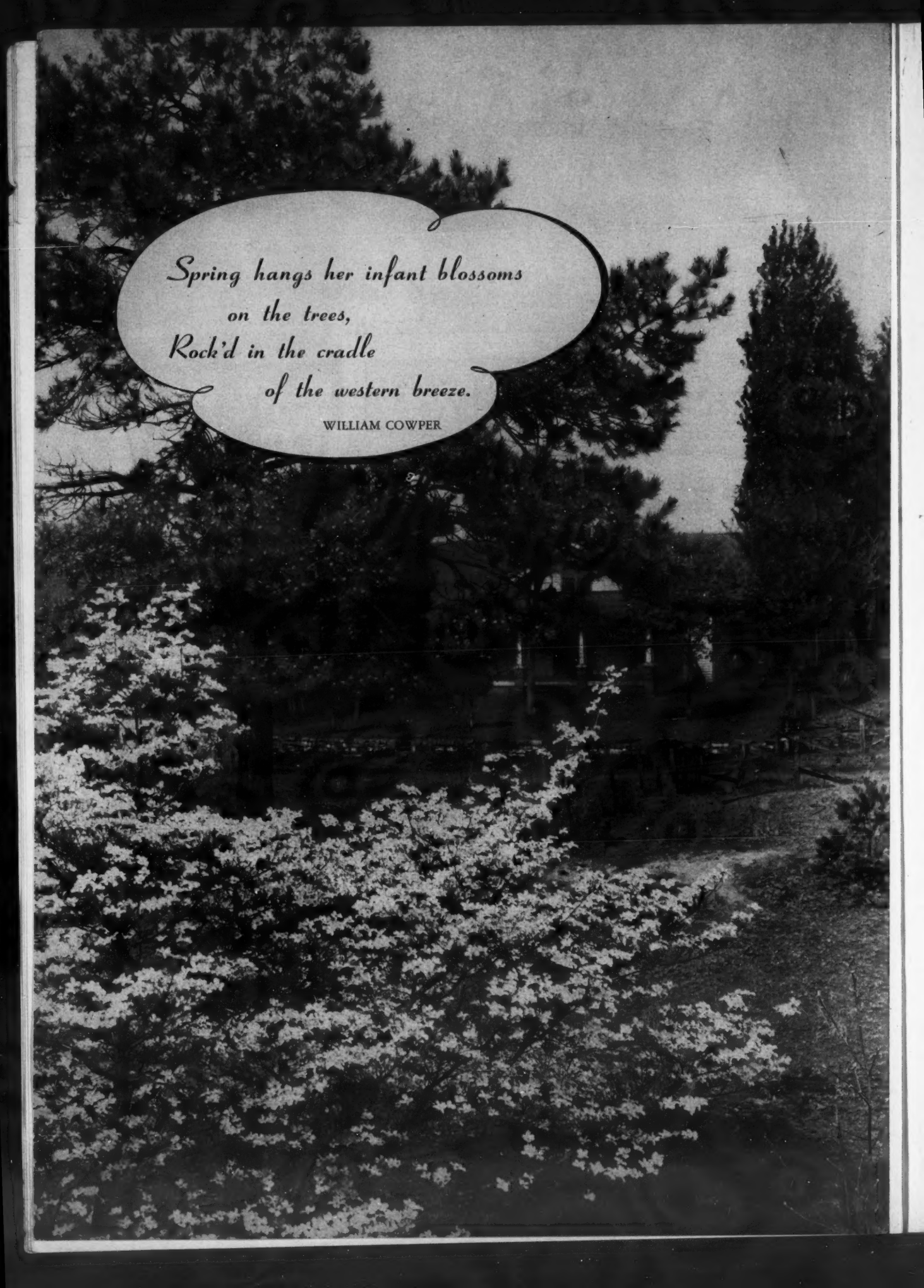
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*Spring hangs her infant blossoms  
on the trees,  
Rock'd in the cradle  
of the western breeze.*

WILLIAM COWPER





## • AT HOME •

**RECORD:** While the Senate argued—or stalled—over the question of whether to filibuster or do business, President Truman took it easy in Florida. The newspapers screamed that he and his party were taking a bad licking, and that their position was “embarrassing.” Now that the filibuster fracas is over, we wonder about who is *really* embarrassed.

It doesn't matter too much how the filibuster made out; there was victory and defeat for both sides. But the spectacle of the Senate Republicans lining up with a handful of diehard Southern Democrats to prevent Congress from doing *anything* is startling. The Republicans made campaign promises on civil rights—and immediately joined hands with the Southerners to stop all legislation on all civil rights! This is a woeful repetition of the Republican record in the 80th Congress; the 81st Congress is offering Mr. Truman exactly the same campaign material that he had last year!

Republican leaders are in caucus all over the country trying to find out what's wrong with their party. They don't have to look further than Washington to find out. They, not the President, should be embarrassed.

**STRIKE:** John L. Lewis did it again. When he called 400,000 coal miners out of the pits to keep a “memorial period,” he called a strike. It is nothing less than that, by whatever name. And it is indicative of several painful truths about John L.

In calling this strike, he demonstrated again his contempt for the democratic processes of the American government, for the government itself, for the welfare of his miners, and for the American people. The miners, on this strike, got neither pay nor union benefits—but Mr. Lewis's salary went on!

In calling this strike, Mr. Lewis deprived this country and desperate countries abroad of an estimated 2,000,000 tons of coal at a moment when they had real need of coal. Every industry here and abroad will suffer; every householder will suffer.

In calling this strike, Mr. Lewis forced up the price of steel, automobiles and coal for the little man's furnace.

In calling this strike, he was paying no tribute to the dead. He is trying to cut down that 70,000,000-ton stockpile of coal now available to industry and the small consumer. If he can do that, he will be in a good bargaining position, later, when he calls his *big* strike!

It is plain sabotage. The Russian Politburo could do no better.

**ESPIONAGE:** So Axis Sally (educated, sorrowfully, at Ohio Wesleyan!) gets away with a short sentence. A graduate of Barnard is picked up by the FBI, and is to be tried for espionage, and she laughs from the headlines. Certain Commies on trial in New York hold back their trial for weeks on technicalities that would be funny if they were not so expensive and so un-American. A spokesman for the Communists in this country says flatly that his fellow Reds could not aid this country in an “imperialistic war” on Russia.

If there were ever any doubt in anyone's mind as to the real intentions of American Communists, that doubt should now be gone with the wind. If they were just one of many political parties, we'd fight for their right to a place on the ballot, along with the rest. But they are *not* a political party; they are a crafty gang of saboteurs and traitors committed to the dictatorial will of a foreign government, and as such they should be treated.

It would be foolish to outlaw them; that would only drive them underground. Let them live and work in the open—but *let the rest of the country know them for what they are*. This reporter is in complete sympathy with the bill introduced jointly in Washington by Congressman Nixon of California and Senator Mundt of South Dakota—a bill which would make membership in any organization of foreign sponsorship, advocating a totalitarian form of government, a crime. It would require official registration of Communists, and of Communist-line organizations, and disclosure of subversive organizations by competent governmental authorities.

It is time to act. We have a freedom here to protect, and we are *not* protecting it when we offer open house to crack-pot traitors and half-witted college graduates who take advantage of the finest education in the world to

destroy the very government that gave it to them.

And if they don't like that, there are boats to Russia, every day.

**BUDGET:** Henry Wallace, who once ran for President, has it all figured out. We can stop worrying—if we adopt his new budget for the nation.

According to the suggested Wallace budget, the U. S. spending program would cut military expenditures in half—to a mere \$7.2 billion. It would boost Federal salaries by \$1 billion, give the veterans an average bonus of \$2,000 (for a while), and give unstated aid to the disabled and unemployed from Bangor to Tallahassee.

Please, Mr. Wallace! Don't you suppose that we know your Progressive Party membership is dwindling? And that you must do something to get more members? This bonus for nearly everybody looks like sucker-bait, from our corner. Hating war (who doesn't), you offer the veterans a paycheck. With Russia arming more and more furiously, you suggest that we disarm—with only Russia's “word” as security. It doesn't make much sense.

But, then, it's good to have men like Mr. Wallace around. They're always good for a laugh—and they do help, now and then, in keeping the ship of state on an even keel.

**VAUGHAN:** The tempest over General Vaughan seems pretty well over now. In the aftermath, a few deductions may be in order:

1. General Vaughan accepted a citation from Peron's Argentina—and right now we don't happen to like either Peron or Argentina. (Maybe, tomorrow, they'll be our allies in a war; then we'll just love them!)

2. General Vaughan accepted a medal previously accepted by General Bradley and Admiral Denfield. He, like they, called the State Department to ask whether he should accept or no. Evidently, State said “O.K.”

3. The President slipped, badly, with his three-letter castigation of Drew Pearson. Even good Democrats winced at it; a President hasn't any business in the gutter.

4. If we could read the off-side remarks of *every* President, we'd think much less of most of them.

5. So what?

**REVOLT?** In the ranks of the American Medical Association there's trouble over the pesky question of tax-supported medical care for the citizenry. The AMA has attempted to assess each member the sum of \$25 to fight socialized medicine, and right of such assessment is being challenged by more than a few of the doctor-membership.

Watch for a compromise here. There is a move to have the Federal govern-

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ment encourage the organization of local clinics for diagnosis, free or almost free; if medical attention is necessary after diagnosis, local doctors could be called in at their regular rates. State and Federal governments would contribute to this clinic cost—and also help a little in training more doctors.

That compromise looks good—except for the training-of-the-doctors idea. We'd hesitate to see the politicians getting their hands on that.

**COURIER'S CUES:** Secretary Forrestal will join Herbert Hoover in a private citizen's organization to back government reorganization. . . . Russian engineers are asphaltting main highways in Albania . . . and building a submarine base on island of Saseno, off Albanian coast. . . . Bing Crosby may quit movies for television. . . . Vincent Sheehan will publish a book on Gandhi in the fall, with the title "Lead, Kindly Light!" . . . Eisenhower will be boss of armaments under new North Atlantic Defense Pact. . . . Gasoline prices are due to come down. . . . There will be further cuts in men's clothing. . . . American tourists will flood into Europe this summer; all passenger ships are booked solid.

## • ABROAD •

**ISRAEL:** The mists are beginning to clear in Israel. The pattern of a people is forming.

A cease-fire order has been issued between Israel and Trans-Jordan, which means that the most important Arab neighbor of the Jew is really ready to

talk peace. The deliberations should not be long; the only real problem is the disposal of Jerusalem. If both are smart, they will let the U.N. take care of Jerusalem; otherwise, they'll fight over it forever.

Egypt is out of it; only the northern nations of Syria and Lebanon are left to treat with Israel, and there are no basic problems involved with them. From the military standpoint, it's all over.

Meanwhile, the gates of Israel having been thrown open to immigration, there is a perfect flood of refugee Jews arriving in the land of Abraham. Nearly 200,000 have entered since last January. They are from Eastern Europe, from Aden and Shanghai, and they are only the start of it.

There are now about 850,000 Jews in Israel. They are on collective farms, in or around Tel Aviv, and they are building roads and digging wells and restoring ruined Jewish and Arab villages with modern structures and prefabricated homes. They are reclaiming a desert.

Last week we had a rather nasty letter from one of our readers, condemning us for our "everlasting pro-Jewish, anti-Arab" attitude in this space. She may be right. We're rather pro-Jewish in this instance because the Jews are reclaiming a desert and building a modern civilization—which the Arabs had two thousand years to build, and never even tried!

**CHINA:** Chiang Kai-shek is out in China—and he keeps butting in. There

is a nation-wide longing for peace—and a deep suspicion that any peace made with the Communists is no peace at all, but only surrender. It is a tug-of-war, with Chiang on one end of the rope and Acting President Li Tsung-jen on the other, and poor China hog-tied in the middle.

If anyone thought Chiang would bow out overnight, he has another think coming; the generalissimo has been too active a man for that, and he still has his hand on the throttle. Small-time generals still haunt his doorstep, asking his advice. He has taken with him into "retirement" the strongest men of the old government, government files and records from Nanking, civil and military equipment of all descriptions. He still has the controlling hand over the latest military supplies sent to China under the \$125,000,000 American aid appropriation—and he knows where he can put his hand on a considerable fortune in gold safely cached on the island of Formosa.

Keep a sharp eye on Formosa. Pretty soon, the Chinese Communists will get tired of this tug-of-war between two men who are done anyway, and the Red forces will have been rearmed, and they will be ready to move. They'll chase Chiang and his last faithful ones to Formosa—and then what? Formosa lies right on the line of communications between Japan and the Philippines, and American military men are more than a little interested in that.

Will we protect Chiang at Formosa?

**INDONESIA:** We read a good book on Indonesia last week; it was written by an Indonesian rebel, and it was as hot as a two-dollar pistol. The thing that amazed us about the author of this book was that he felt sorry for the Dutch, who have taken his land from him and put a price on his rebel head. Yes, he felt for his people, but he felt more for the Dutch—a good people turned into a murdering, imperialistic people in a mad dream for profit out of Indonesia.

We thought it might be just an author's front—until we began to look over the week's news from Indonesia. In that news we find two widely different reports. The Dutch say they have everything under control; what fighting there is, they say, comes only from scattered bands of "Red diehards" among the natives. But the U.N. sources, and the reports from Republican forces in Indonesia, tell quite another story; here, we learn that the Dutch are confined to the large cities of Java, Sumatra and Madura; that there is fighting almost everywhere, every day in the week; that Dutch transportation and communication is all but wrecked, that Dutch garrisons are harassed day and night, and that there has been mutiny within the Dutch army.

It can't go on forever; this shambles is draining the resources of both Dutch



RNS PHOTO

In Louisville, Ky., the chaplain answers fire alarms too. With a white cross painted on his raincoat, Fire Department Chaplain Dean Kaufman watches his "boys" battle a blaze. Mr. Kaufman is assistant pastor of Deer Park Baptist Church.

and native, it is creating economic chaos for all involved, and it is interfering with the formation of the Western European Union. While the U.N. has thus far been helpless to stop it, it seems to us that the thing will be settled—perhaps within a year's time—by interference from Europe.

Somehow, we feel sorry for the Dutch. They've got a tiger by the tail.

**THE KREMLIN:** What goes on in the Kremlin? The whole world, caught off-guard and completely baffled by the recent shift of top men in the Politburo, would like to know.

The removal of Molotov and Mikoyan from the top seats takes the last of the veterans of the Revolution from the big throne; only Stalin himself is left. Younger men are filtering into these top seats. Maybe that's it; the "Boss" is getting old, and ready to retire, and he is filling the important places with *young* men he can trust. It may just be that he is grooming Molotov for his own place, but the rude manner of Molotov's removal definitely seems to work against that idea.

More important is the effect of this Kremlin shift on the world revolution, in which Stalin has never lost faith. The revolution hasn't been going so well, this last year; Russian diplomacy has failed too often; the Berlin airlift is a huge success, and it cannot be stopped by Russia short of war; Italy and France have not fallen into line; Tito is troublesome. Trouble, trouble everywhere. Maybe the Kremlin housecleaning is aimed at plugging the holes in the Soviet dikes abroad.

It looks that way, when we look abroad. There is a shift in Communist policy and party line: local party units using disruptive tactics, inspiring industrial sabotage and threatening mass treason seem to be the policy now, rather than diplomatic efforts on the top levels, guided by Stalin and Vishinsky.

It is happening all around the world; in New York where Communists are on trial; in Malaya, where violence rules; in India, where the Nehru government is the target of Moscow; in China, where the Red army marks time; in Germany and wherever else you look. Only in Japan are local Red units ineffective—for a reason named MacArthur.

So they nibble here and they nibble there—and they get nowhere. Disunity and disruption have never built anything solid, yet.

**PACT:** This writer may be the only commentator in the U.S.A. *not* to go into a fit of rejoicing over the new North Atlantic Treaty; if so, so be it. Your reporter isn't particularly impressed by the Pact; it's too full of holes.

Twelve nations are "bound" in this agreement, but loosely. It speaks of "continuous and effective self-help and mutual aid," and of maintaining a "col-

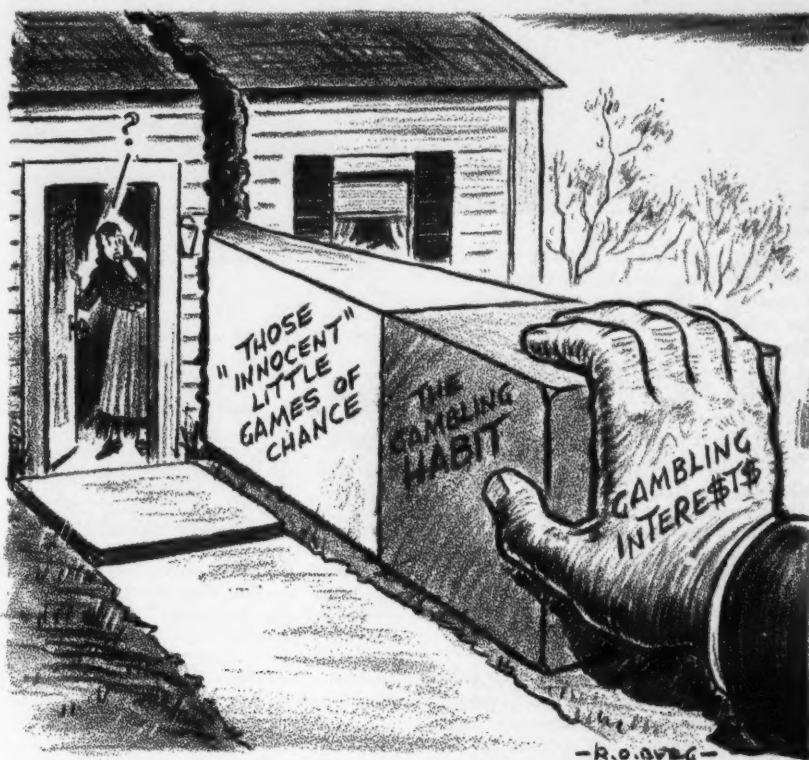
lective capacity to resist armed attack," but it commits the United States to no arms program whatever. It speaks of defending the "territorial integrity, political independence" and security of any nation among the twelve, if attacked, but it commits not one of them to march an army. (The U.S. Senate will have to send *our* armies marching, and you know what that means!)

There will be opposition to the Pact in the Senate; Senator Taft says the Senate will approve, but that it will *not* vote for any arms shipments. Well, if arms are *not* shipped, what's the Pact worth?

We're not pessimistic; we're only trying to be realistic about it. This Pact

to education—stipulating that "no public funds should be used for any sectarian purpose." A week later, Roman Catholic women in Montgomery and Bishop T. J. Toolen of Mobile, Alabama, make the headlines with a plea for "a Federal education bill that does not discriminate against Roman Catholic children." What the Alabama Catholics are evidently seeking is exactly such aid to secular schools as the Brethren do *not* want.

Then we read that a bill has been passed in the Arkansas House of Representatives which would make \$50,000 a year available to the School of Pharmacy at the College of Ozarks, a church-supported institution. The bill was



THE WEDGE THAT HAS WRECKED TOO MANY HOMES

can do much in drawing together these twelve nations for mutual development in times of peace; like other such treaties and Pacts in the past, it can mean much or nothing at all in case war comes. It is a gesture of good will and common interest—and nothing more!

#### • CHURCH NEWS •

**FEDERAL AID:** We're still a bit puzzled about this bill for Federal aid to education. The fight for it is still hot, and news items trickling through almost daily complicate matters more than ever.

The Commission on Christian Social Action of the Evangelical United Brethren Church has asked for Federal aid

vigorously opposed by one representative who claimed that it was "a clever subterfuge to attempt evasion of the constitution of this state." This is state aid, not Federal—but is it indicative of a trend?

If Federal aid to education can be kept clear of denominational and secular schools, we're for it. If it is to be for only state-supported institutions, all right; if it is to usher in Federal domination of any school, it's all wrong; if it is to be money spent in aid of the teaching of any religious doctrine, it's worse than wrong, from the American standpoint.

Some of us haven't forgotten the conflicts that arose when the candidate-chaplains of the war period were helped



through theological school with government money.

**COMPULSORY:** Speaking of education, there's Argentina. In Buenos Aires, the Peron regime has ordered that religious education be extended through the fourth grades of all secondary schools. The compulsory teaching of the Roman Catholic faith became a law in Argentina in 1947. See what we mean?

**FURORE:** There's a tempest in a teapot in Brooklyn. Dr. John Howard Melish, rector, and his son, William Howard Melish, rector's assistant, have been ordered out of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity by none less a personage than their bishop. They refuse to quit. It may go to court.

It seems that Melish the Younger has been playing with Communism; rumor has it that he once marched in a Red May Day parade, and that he has identified himself with certain organizations called "fronts" for the Stalinists. Some of the folks in the congregation want him out; some don't. The father defends the son. It's a mess.

To put it briefly, it doesn't matter so much what happens to the two parsons; it matters a lot more what happens to the Church of God. This particular church seems all but ruined as a result of the brawl; churches never get over such civil wars. It may be true that the bishop is conservative and something of a dictator; it may also be true that any Communist-minded "minister" should ask himself what he sees in atheistic Communism that will help either the Church or the Kingdom of God.

Can we mix Communism and Christianity? Should any parson attempt it, when it means destruction of his church? Aye, that's the question!

**DINNER:** We went to an unpopular dinner the other night. It was a banquet in honor of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam; he was presented an award by *The Churchman*, an independent Protestant Episcopal paper, for his "promotion of good will and understanding among all people." We went because Bishop Oxnam had been threatened with everything up to physical violence if he accepted the award. A lot of others present at the dinner had been likewise threatened.

Whether or not we agree with what Bishop Oxnam has to say doesn't mean very much. We champion his right to say it. This is still America, and a Democracy—we hope! When any church or any pressure group tells a man of his standing what he can do or cannot do, it's time for all decent Christians to come to the aid of the party, if you know what we mean.

Dr. Halford Luccock of Yale put it pretty well, at this dinner. He said, "I too, have been threatened. I have

been warned that 'If you attend this dinner, you're a dead duck.' To which I reply, 'Quack, quack!'" Orchids for Luccock—a grand old Methodist fighting man!

**SUNSHINE:** On the sunny side, we report this: A national go-to-church movement has been launched by prominent laymen, from Los Angeles; it will use newspapers, magazines, radio, television, movies and billboards in a coast-to-coast campaign. . . . Sixty Protestant clergymen in Baltimore have begun an intensive four-week course at Baltimore city hospitals to find out "how doctors, hospitals, and clergymen can work together." . . . Protestant preachers in Englewood, N. J., are doing the same thing. . . . The Pennsylvania Senate has



*A wreath of white carnations is placed on grave of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps" and one-time editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD. The book was written in Central Congregational Church, Topeka, Kansas, where Dr. Sheldon served as pastor from 1889 to 1912. Placing wreath: Dr. Charles W. Helsley, present pastor; looking on: Benjamin Hill, chairman, board of deacons.*

appointed its first Negro chaplain. . . . Cardinal Spellman broke a gravediggers' strike. . . . And it looks as though there might not be so many Congregational churches holding out against the union, after all.

Sunshine!

## • TEMPERANCE •

**TELEVISION:** Down East in Maine a bill has been introduced in the state legislature, sponsored by clergymen, to prohibit taverns from using television for entertainment at the bar. Use of television in such places is called "a public scandal." It looks a little silly to us.

What's scandalous about it? If the liquor business is licensed and legalized,

it would certainly seem all right for them to use a licensed, legalized form of entertainment in their business. What's wrong isn't the use of this or that form of entertainment, but the fact that the liquor business is permitted to operate at all.

This is too indicative of much of the wasted effort of the temperance forces. Why hack at a twig, when we should be laying the axe at the root of the tree?

**WHAT'S THE MATTER?** The late and lamented William Allen White once wrote a famous editorial entitled "What's the Matter With Kansas?" We wish he were back to write one like that again.

Kansas, as you know, has just tumbled off the water-wagon. Prohibition in that state is no more. Prohibition lost by a vote of 422,294 to 358,310—close, in any man's election. Closer still, when we read that 400,000 people failed to vote at all!

But it's no good trotting out the crying-towel. A vote is a vote, and Kansas is stuck with liquor stores, whether Kansas likes it or not. There is already a fuss over these liquor stores; it sounds impossible but it's true that the city license inspector in Kansas City, Kansas, has had to warn the over-anxious, would-be liquor store proprietors that they must have a license before they can begin to sell their liquor!

The *Emporia Gazette* remarks sagely that what the liquor boys want is not liquor stores, but "glorified, stream-lined chromium bars and lounges with kidney-shaped tables." Of course! Is a glutton ever satisfied with soup?

Here's hoping the temperance forces in Kansas fight the return of the open bar, and fight it to a finish. Right now, they are expressing a lot of indignation over the manner in which the liquor forces lied about Abraham Lincoln's attitude toward liquor. Maybe they did lie. But Lincoln is dead. The younger generation isn't; the youngsters are fodder for that threatened open bar!

**TAXES:** Kansas could take a good look, too, at the revenue promised from the sale of alcoholic beverages. Average sales per capita for liquor in all states of the U.S. in 1945 was \$25.45. Average U.S. per capita cost and use of liquor is \$62.14. Average tax benefits to local and state governments averages only \$2.24 per capita.

So you put \$62.14 into the pockets of the manufacturers of alcoholic beverages in order to take out \$2.24 in taxes. If that isn't madhouse finance, then you tell us what it is!

**AWARD:** Our prize for the best roadside sign of the month goes to this one, seen along an Eastern highway: "The midnight ride of Paul for beer led to a warmer atmosphere!"



# I'll Never Forget that Day the BOSS SHOUTED



## "I'm Tired of Screaming at YOU!"

It was our most important meeting. Mr. Gifford was speaking—but I couldn't hear a thing!

As I sat there, I forgot the place, this conference. I thought only of my despair, fears, and secret sorrow.

In the years my hearing loss had progressed, I felt only unhappiness, embarrassment, self-consciousness. I tried to "bluff" through, hoping others wouldn't notice. I made ridiculous remarks that had nothing to do with the topic. People laughed at me behind my back.

Suddenly!... as these thoughts milled through my tortured mind,—I heard the increasing sharpness of the boss's thunderous voice:

**"Jones... JONES... J-O-N-E-S!!!! I'M TIRED OF SCREAMING AT YOU!!!!"**

I could see the angry crimson rise to Mr. Gifford's face. We had come to a perplexing problem, and he was depending on me...

I gulped and wilted down in my chair. Actually, I hadn't distinctly heard more than ten words in the entire meeting. I shrank—embarrassed, helpless, straining to hear and understand the important question before us. My head was in a whirl. I half rose, awkwardly, stammered and stuttered.

"What?... eh, what" was all I could mumble.

I saw half-hidden smiles... I dropped back in my chair... ashamed.

How useless I was to my firm, my employer and to myself!

### The Turning Point

That humiliating incident was the turning point in my life. For that night I cried out my miserable experience to my wife.

"John," she spoke loudly, "you've been going steadily deaf, but while everybody else knows it, you simply won't admit it to yourself."

How true were these words—this folly of mine! The gradual loss of hearing is common. You begin to misunderstand

**The story of a man who gradually lost his hearing and almost let it rob him of his job.**

parts of a conversation. You no longer enjoy music. At church, you miss the key words of the sermon. Nervous straining to hear "wears you down".

She told me she had seen an ad of the Beltone Company which gave news about an amazing discovery that makes it possible again to enjoy the power, comfort and joy of hearing clearly. She had answered the ad and received a fascinating, illustrated free booklet.

### I Was Astounded

I read the booklet avidly. I was astounded! Here was the fulfillment of everything I had hoped for, prayed for.

I learned that Beltone engineers had perfected an amazing ONE-UNIT hearing device, far different from the hearing aids I had known about. It is so tiny it can slip into the watch pocket of a man's trousers or easily clip to a woman's brassiere. There are no straps, no harnesses, no dangling wires—no separate battery packs! A tiny hearing unit so small you can hide it in your hand... yet so powerful the deaf even hear Whispers!

### More Than I Expected

I was so excited that I rushed to the nearby Beltone consultant. I found even more than I had expected.

When I met the consultant, I learned why Beltone has risen to Leadership in the hearing field. He was sympathetic, understood my problems so well!

When you try a Beltone, you are certain that your instrument is exactly the right one for you.

You get a free hearing test with the

amazing Selectometer. This determines exactly which one of the 144 different types and amounts of hearing correction you need. You find out what sounds you are missing from soft to loud, from low-pitched to high-pitched...

Sounds which have long been lost—low-voiced conversation, radio, church sermons and music, movies, business conferences with many voices, are all brought back to the wearer of a Beltone.

### My Triumph Over Deafness

*My Beltone has restored me to the world. It is as if I have been reborn. It has taken me out of the zone of silence, out of a deep deafness that had enslaved me.*

Today, I hold the high position I always dreamed of. My salary has been increased. I am no longer pitied or laughed at. I am in demand in our business conferences, and have won the admiration of our executive group. I can rise to any occasion, approach and talk with all types of people easily—fearlessly.

### SEND FOR THIS AMAZING FREE BOOKLET

This fascinating booklet—just off the press—tells how you, too, may solve your hearing problem. It tells how science has developed this amazing new hearing device that overcomes deafness.

This booklet may open your eyes to an entirely new life. Now you, too, may stop suffering and win advancement, popularity and success.



**THE BELTONE COMPANY, Dept. CH-5  
1450 W. 19th Street, Chicago, Illinois**

**THE BELTONE COMPANY, DEPT. CH-5  
1450 W. 19th Street, Chicago, Illinois**

Please send me Free and without obligation a copy of the scientific booklet about overcoming Deafness. Also full details of how I may get a Free Hearing Test without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

# Editorially Speaking...

## ● LITTLE TOWNS REMEMBER

LAFAYETTE, OREGON, was a little town (it still is) when more than sixty years ago my father built a church and founded a school by its central square. The school was established in small brick buildings that were the first courthouse and jail of Yamhill County. Lafayette was one of the earliest settlements of the Oregon country and the trading center for the rich valley through which the Yamhill River flows. It is the town where for me the memory of all things begins. There I met the pioneers, bearded men who came in wagons across the continent or on foot even before. There I climbed into a high seat under a broken canvas and sat above wheels that, behind oxen, rolled down the Oregon Trail.

There I heard the migrating geese, millions of them, honking high above the towering firs. There I listened to the stories of young West Point lieutenants who rode in from the Indian reservation—Grant, Sheridan and Howard. I remember Milligan Creek where I caught my first trout and the emotion of that ecstatic moment. I remember much more, of course. The day I started off to school and sat in terror, waiting for the teacher's thrashing the older boys promised I would surely get. I remember too a silent cradle in a house of sorrow and three small graves above a little stream. The frontier was hard on mothers and babies. Lafayette was a friendly village, but it could not hasten an hour of science that had not struck.

As I write these lines I remember the Yamhill River where I learned to swim before the "Lower Landing" was buried forever by the back water from the new dam and locks. That project spoiled a lot of fun without doing much for commerce, though it did help re-elect a Congressman.

Today a clipping from a Portland, Oregon, paper tells

of how Lafayette remembered a boy whom it had never seen—the grandson of my father. The American Legion post with the young minister of the church which bears now the name of its builder went down to the bridge and scattered flowers over the little river. The service was in memory of a young chaplain, one of four chaplains of three faiths, who gave their lifebelts and lives for the men of the torpedoed troopship, *Dorchester*. Now their faces are on a memorial stamp.

Yes, little towns remember, and the man who writes this column will never forget one little Oregon town.

## ● AN ALL-TIME LOW

*Three things to govern: Temper, tongue and conduct.*

*Three things to despise: Cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.*

*Three things to wish for: Health, contentment and friends.*

*Three things to admire: Dignity, intellectual power and gracefulness.*

*Three things to give to your friends: Cocktails, highballs or beer.*

THE above poem, which appeared as the advertisement of the Three Hearts Hotel in the *Southampton (L. I.) Press*, was quoted in *The New Yorker* magazine with this comment: "Now you're talking!" It is a reasonable assumption that *The New Yorker's* line was intended as humor—caustic, perhaps. Our comment is the title of this editorial-ette. This particular hotel's lack of good taste, along with other lacks, suggests the suicidal mania of the liquor traffic in our time. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

## ● GAS MASKS FOR ECUMENICAL GATHERINGS

I HAVE just come from a report luncheon on the Amsterdam conference. The room was overcrowded, and the ventilation worse than poor. However, that didn't stop the smokers. They lighted their cigarettes, cigars and pipes. Yes, gentle reader, pipes—and pipes that were pipes!

What those instruments of torture did to the innocents in that room, which is sometimes reserved for worship, reminded me of other lethal chambers I have only read about. Smoking began at the top table, but less than ten percent of all those present participated. And until I was no longer able to distinguish between the sexes, no woman had lighted up. However, those who smoked were vital fellows and though I left the room before the benediction, the place had become (for non-smokers at least) thoroughly uncomfortable as well as unhealthy.

One gentleman, not as rugged as the writer, departed even earlier, saying, "Unless I can bring a gas mask, I shall be compelled to cut these meetings." But to lose this man would be a vital blow to ecumenicity. Knowing from rich experience that the less than ten percent will not surrender their personal liberty, I nominate an additional item for consideration of the Budget Committee—a modest amount to be used for the purchase of gas masks for ecumenical gatherings.

*Daniel A. Poling*  
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD



Attended by an Indian nurse, Dr. Salsbury examines a Navajo tribesman.

# Not as the World Gives

Only a devoted eye could see any beauty in the Navajos  
and their arid desert. The Salsburys had what it took!

By DOROTHY WALWORTH

ALL one sweltering day my husband and I had driven across the sere, withered desert of northeastern Arizona. At sundown, we came to a stone gate with a sign that read: "The Desert Place Shall be Made Fruitful and the Waste Places Turned into Gardens." Beyond the gate were green lawns, gardens bright with roses, a leaping fountain, and the cool deep refreshing shadow of tall trees.

A giant of a man, over six feet tall, with white hair and spectacled brown

eyes strode toward us. "You folks look all tuckered out," he said. "My name is Salsbury. This is Ganado, a Presbyterian mission to the Indians."

Salsbury was as refreshing as Ganado itself. He had the comfortable air of a man who finds life and people good. When he invited us to stay overnight, we accepted gratefully and settled down in a tiny white cottage.

Next morning, at six, we were wakened by a prolonged whistle. Thinking that missionaries certainly got up early,

we went to the central dining hall. Breakfast was being served, cafeteria style, to a chattering crowd of about 150 Indians and white people. Doctor Salsbury introduced us to his wife, Cora, a tiny woman, who seemed fragile as fine porcelain.

Over a second cup of coffee she explained, "This mission serves 26,000 square miles, over which are scattered 60,000 Indians. When Clarence and I came here twenty-one years ago, Ganado was only a few adobe buildings without a tree or a spear of grass. I broke down and cried. Then I asked Clarence, 'Do you expect me to live in a place like this?' and he said, 'No, I expect you to make it beautiful.'"

"I sowed these acres of grass with my own hands, over and over, because the desert wind kept blowing the seed away. I got trees from everywhere—elms, maples, locusts, willows, cottonwoods and evergreens, and fruit trees for an orchard. Most of them had never been grown before in this part of the country, but they prospered. Now we have more than 1,000 trees. Sometimes Indians, on their first visit here, go around touching the leaves and smoothing the grass, for they have never seen such things."

After breakfast, Doctor Salsbury took us on a tour of the mission's 200 acres and 70 handsome buildings, representing an investment of \$1,250,000. We saw the fine stone church, Sage Memorial Hospital which operates the only Indian nursing school in the world, the dormitories, the high school and gymnasium, the power house and irrigation system. We visited the livestock, the alfalfa and oat fields, the huge vegetable gardens which grow every year about four tons of foods for Ganado.

Everywhere, too, we saw the simple human service that Ganado's staff of eighty people was giving the Navajos. At the well, barrels were being filled for Indians whose only source of water was Ganado. At the commissary, Indians were getting food and clothing. Out by the garage, a missionary was helping an Indian mend harness. Another, to the delight of a child, was sewing black



shoe-button eyes on a rag doll. At the church, someone was rehearsing an Indian choir, practicing, "Peace I leave with you; not as the world gives, give I unto you."

Indian girls were being taught to sew and cook. Indian boys were learning how to be farmers, carpenters, auto and airplane mechanics. Schoolrooms were buzzing with history, geography, and mathematics. A dozen tots were having a reading lesson, laboriously spelling out, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

**A**T the hospital clinic, a crowd of Navajos waited their turn. Most of the hospital's 150 beds were occupied by dark-skinned people who smiled at Salsbury as if the sight of him made them feel better.

My husband asked if we might keep the cottage for a few days. We were reluctant to leave this startling place where people, with a quiet confident faith in human nature, were doing as they would be done by.

Every morning we watched Indians come riding in on shaggy horses or in creaking wagons. They were arriving for Ganado's annual four-day Spiritual Conference. Some had traveled from as far away as Oklahoma and Wyoming.

We attended a number of Conference meetings in the church. Long shafts of sunlight slanted through the stained-glass windows upon the dark, listening faces. Salsbury, and outside speakers, told the Indians about a God who cared for folks like them, and Navajo inter-

preters translated. Some Indians, overcoming their reserve, told how this new faith had changed their lives: now they were no longer afraid of evil spirits; the maize shriveled and the water holes went dry, but they had hope always, since God and His people were good.

Afternoons we crossed the road to a flat, dusty stretch of ground where Doctor Salsbury was directing the Navajo games. The crowd of Indians and white people, sitting together drinking soda pop, was gay. Through a loudspeaker, an Indian member of the mission staff kept up a running fire of jocular comments in Navajo. There were tugs-of-war for the Indian women, who stood so firmly that it seemed neither side would ever budge. The men had foot races and horse races. As a final event, Salsbury buried in the ground a bag of sand with its neck sticking out. Indian riders at full gallop, leaning down from their saddles, tried to wrench the bag from the earth. All the winners got watermelons, a fruit Indians like so well they will exchange for it pounds of wool or a silver bracelet.

As we sat by our cottage door after an early supper, mission activity still hummed about us. The eighty missionaries worked long hours. After midnight, if we were still awake, we often heard Doctor Salsbury's car going out into the desert to visit a sick Navajo perhaps 100 miles away.

This directed and talented doctor was born in Ontario, Canada, sixty-three years ago, the eldest of ten children. He grew up on the prairies, riding bron-

cos, handy with a shotgun. Folks said he would make a first-rate cattleman like his father, but early in life his devout mother instilled in him the ambition to serve his fellow men.

After high school, Salsbury came to the States and started working his way through Boston College of Physicians and Surgeons. In his freshman year, he met Cora Burrows, a hospital nurse. Without a penny saved, they married. Salsbury paid the grocer by appearing on the Boston stage and showed such talent that friends urged him to make it his career. But Salsbury said, "I don't aim to spend my life in a make-believe world. I want to go where things are real."

Doctor Salsbury was assigned to the island of Hainan, off the China Coast where he served as superintendent of all three mission hospitals at different periods of his twelve years' service there. He distinguished himself not only as a physician and administrator, but also as a man who had a special gift for kindling faith in the hearts of lowly people. He did not speak loudly or often about God but, when he did speak, he was believed.

**I**N 1927, Ganado suddenly became a problem to the Presbyterian Board of Missions. Since 1901, it had struggled to maintain a small mission school. Now it could no longer cope with the great growing needs of the Navajos; its superintendent, broken in health, resigned. The Board believed Salsbury was just the missionary for this thorny outpost. Funds would be scanty, for few people in this country really cared what became of Indians.

"Friends warned me I would be throwing my life away at the end of nowhere," Salsbury told us. "However, on my first night at Ganado, I looked out over the desert, and I was glad I had come. For this Indian country, right in these United States, needed help more than any place in China. I felt, too, that here, in this sand and sagebrush, was a chance for men of different races to live together as brothers, 'being members one of another.'"

"All our work had to be built on a practical foundation, so at first I thought of material things. Like water. A well had been drilled in 1915, though experts said little water could come out of this red rock. When I got there, folks hardly dared use the well. But I had a hunch—call it faith if you want—that there was plenty of water. So our engineer built a new and more efficient pump. We began getting as much as 18,000 gallons an hour. The original reservoir with a capacity of 100,000 is now inadequate and additional storage of 500,000 gallons is planned. I figure we must have tapped an underground river. (Continued on page 69)



*An Indian nurse, trained at Ganado, checks the pulse of a Navajo woman, waiting in the mission's dispensary. Crowds come in every day for treatment.*



# The Rector's Garden

By TRELLA DICK

ILLUSTRATOR: PHILIP MARINI

**B**EING a minister's wife is uphill work for me. I try, but I can't keep my face serene, and my voice low and sweet, as I should. I'm not the kind of "rector's lady" who is always neat and clean, with her baby and house shining when people come to call—important people like Mrs. Gower, president of the guild, wife of the senior warden. Just the person whose good graces it is important for a new rector's wife to cultivate.

There I was, at two-thirty in the afternoon, still in jeans, my hair untidy. I'd been out in the garden all the morning, dusting aphids. But I couldn't explain, because she'd have said, "Oh, doesn't Mr. Cullom do all that work?" I'd heard all I wanted to about Doane's lack of interest in the gardens.

I chattered nervously about this and that, while I watched her glance dart from mantel to piano, to what-not.

Looking for dust! Well, she'd find it.

She said, "Hard to keep this big, old house clean, isn't it?"

"It would be—if I kept it clean," I said. "'Slicking up' is about all I get time for."

"Of course, with a baby . . ." her voice trailed away as if conscience wouldn't permit her to say that one small baby could keep a young, husky woman from having her house clean and herself tidy.

"Oh, it isn't the baby. It's the thrips—and the aphids—" I checked myself.

She wasn't listening to me. "What's that shouting?" she asked. "Sounds as if it's coming from the gardens."

"No. It's youngsters at the tennis court. It's full all day."

She blinked questioningly. "What court is there around here?"

"Doane's put in one," I said, "between the gardens and the alley."

"Between the gardens and the alley? But that—why that's—" she made a sort of choking sound, and hurried out the door. I followed. She waddled—there's no other word for it—through the gardens, and goggled at the youngsters through the high mesh fence Doane had put up. Finally, she gasped, "Do you know what that is? It's the spot Dr. Bristo himself selected for a rose garden. I've ordered fifty dollars worth of roses for it myself—and others have—"

"Oh!" My groan didn't half do justice to my dismay. "I'm sure Doane didn't know. I'm sure he'll—"

"Too bad he didn't see fit to consult someone, before he went to all that trouble and expense."

I feebly repeated my chant, "I'm sure he'll—"

She cut it off again. "He'll have to do something at once. That's what I came

(Continued on page 50)



*After little Kenneth has said grace, Mr. Crandall reads from the Bible, Patsy from "The Upper Room." Then Mrs. Crandall serves the meal. Carlton, Jr. sits at Patsy's left; David gazes at his father.*

**By JANET MABIE**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELEANOR BROWNING

**C**HRISTIAN HERALD finds itself in spirited disagreement with current propaganda to the effect that the American family is on a toboggan speeding downhill to chaos. In our view it continues to be the bedrock of national life. We realize, of course, that generalization is easy and that our conviction should be documented. To do so we are making ourselves acquainted with Christian people all over the country who typify the American family life.

We have asked readers to come in with us to the extent of letters suggesting examples, among their neighbors, of the good life in terms of the Christian family. As our survey continues we are sure a picture will emerge which will give irrefutable evidence to prove that the American family is certainly not going to the dogs.

To make a start, let's meet the Carlton Crandalls of Old Bridge, New Jersey. There are six in the family and they live in a self-built, stucco-faced frame house on Farless Avenue. Carlton and Claire Crandall would be in their late 30's; Carlton, Jr. is 17; Patricia ("Patsy") 15; David, 9; and Kenneth, 3.

Good looks, health and contentment run through the family. Kenneth and his father resemble each other except that Daddy's eyes are blue and Kenny's dark, dark brown, with prodigious

lashes. The other children are their mother all over.

Driving out from New Brunswick, where he is working with the telephone company's construction gang, Carlton Crandall swings around past Rutgers University, along Fraternity Row, past some of the historic, rose-colored brick buildings on the campus. He had hoped to become a graduate engineer and though he had to leave Rutgers after a couple of years, he retains the personalized interest of an alumnus. And every day of his life he uses what he

*Kenneth asks for the sandwich Patsy is making while David munches his.*



*Carl lifts up Kenneth to let him put his tithe in the sugar bowl.*



# Meet

Something quite  
family in

learned there while he was yet enrolled.

Old Bridge, approximately 1000 population, is located in the sandy reaches of inland New Jersey, on South River, a branch of the Raritan. Years ago it was a center of cordwood supply for the ceramics industries nearby. The Crandalls have a garden. His job is the vegetables and fruits, hers the flowers, and the kids help on both. "If you can make vegetables and flowers grow in Old Bridge you can grow 'em anywhere," says Carl. "The soil is as sandy as soil can be and still be soil. It's kind of fun, winning out over it."

Carlton Crandall was born in Old Bridge, attended the town's high school, and went to Sunday school at the Baptist church. His father was an intern at Bellevue in New York when the townspeople wrote to New York University Medical School and asked for a young doctor who would come to Old Bridge and settle. Crandall, Sr. practiced there thirty years, passing away just a few years ago. His widow still lives in the tall, green-shuttered, yellow house within easy walking distance of Farless Avenue.

Claire hails from Philadelphia. Her father was a stationary engineer and the sort of man who could bake a fine mince pie. Her mother died when Claire was a year old. Something in this experience made her father stop



# the Crandalls

special in the art of living has been achieved by this  
Old Bridge, N. J., whose members live for each other—and all for God

going to church, but he was converted a little while before he died.

"We had a series of stepmothers," Claire explains, without bitterness. She had four brothers and three sisters; Carlton was an only child. "I was christened in the Lutheran Church," she says. "My oldest sister saw to it that we went to Sunday school. The boys weren't much for it, but we girls liked it and we got into Christian Endeavor, and sang in the choir."

When Carlton and Claire were just past their teens, they happened to meet on a Trenton bus. "Love at first sight," they chorus, exchanging affectionate smiles. Carlton had a job in Trenton. Claire was working for the Philadelphia firm that did the electroplating for Curtis Publishing Co. There was no reason they could think of for a long, drawn-out engagement.

Although he had always gone to a Baptist Sunday school, "When I got to the point where I wanted to join a church, I was working in Trenton and I kind of liked Fourth Presbyterian, so I joined," says Carlton. "Gill Robb Wilson was pastor. He was a World War vet, a swell guy; he received me into the church." From the time they were married, "We set our love by I Corinthians 13. It's our favorite chapter, our guiding star," says Claire.

Somehow in the early years of mar-



"Aunt" Kate van Hise fits David's new choir robe; his mother looks on from her sewing machine. Most of the robes and surplices were made by the two ladies.

A typical evening finds Carl, Sr. and Carl, Jr. playing checkers while Kenneth and David watch. Mrs. Crandall and Patsy are doing the dishes. Earlier, David had helped his mother bake a cake. Carl bathes his little brother.





In the parsonage attic, Pastor and Mrs. "Bill" Fitzgerald chat with Mr. Crandall who, a skilled carpenter, helped renovate the old house bought by the church.

riage actual church-going became irregular. "Depression was in the air. Our minds were fastened on getting a foothold. Then we were going to have Carlton, Jr. Then we did. Then we let ourselves fall for that tattered alibi: 'We can't go to church because of the baby.' It took us quite a while to outgrow that one! In fact we didn't really outgrow it until after David came."

Times grew bad. They moved back to Old Bridge. Single-handed, Carlton built a small gas station across the road from his mother's house, working all hours of the day and night to make it yield a living.

"One day a lady called on me," Claire says, and something in her voice hinted at the marking of a turning point. "She said they were trying to get up a choir at the Methodist church and wouldn't we help out."

**T**HE situation that met their eyes at the church made the Crandalls feel both small and resolute. "The minister was being paid two dollars a week salary. We decided that if Christianity moved a man to serve in the face of that, we'd better get to work too."

At that first service there were seven people in the congregation—fewer than the choir. The church building was a depressing shell. Something within the Crandalls stirred. "We knew then that we had been hungry a long time for a church home. Here was a chance to help with one which only needed to be rebuilt."

All that was twelve years ago. Mrs. Florence A. Reid of Freehold has given us a word-picture of the Crandalls dur-

ing this time. "Carl and Claire have been like big brother and sister to the members, helping in a hundred ways to relieve trouble, and no burden has been too great for them to share. That family has done so much for this church that you would hardly believe it."

Family expenses were mounting, and Carl wondered if a trucking business of his own wouldn't yield more of a margin. Middlesex County farmers needed produce hauled to market. He sold the gas station and bought a truck. Things went fine for a while. "Then the pendulum swung," he says. "I went broke, had to sell out." His ingratiating smile flashed. "You ought to

Here's the little old church for which the Crandalls have done so much.



have seen the snowsuits Claire made for the kids out of old coats! Couldn't have been better. Seriously, though, we've always been fortunate, haven't had any catastrophies."

Patsy was the last baby with whom the Crandalls stayed home from church. "When David came, then Kenneth, we took them along. Until they were old enough to go in with us, they slept outside in the car." When he was younger David didn't always care to sit through the church service until time for Sunday school. But he sings in the children's choir now and likes it fine. Kenneth may not always sit absolutely still but he likes being there, sings when he knows the hymns and beams around in a friendly fashion.

**C**IRCUMSTANCES may alter cases. But circumstances never have altered the Crandall's habit of tithing. Even before taxes (for Carl and Claire), the tithe for all five goes into the old sugar bowl which is both a symbol and a receptacle. Even little Kenny who gets twenty-five cents a week in allowance, he tithes too. "If you tithe when you get your money, it's there and that's the end of it. The money really isn't yours."

It was natural that Claire's church work would begin with taking the choir in hand since she had experience and training in this. She initiated a little devotional service before weekly choir practice. "I don't really remember just how the idea came to me," she says. "I suppose you've heard people characterize choirs as 'The War Department of the Church.' Maybe it was some far-off echo of that which put the idea in my mind. I think probably we just felt that at a turning point in the church's life—this church was built in

Aunt Kate, Mrs. Crandall helped paint the church, finished Easter morning.



1862—we needed guidance, and that a short devotional service before practice would be a helpful thing.” She pleaded a fold of her dress thoughtfully, adding simply, “I think this has helped us a lot.”

Lucky is the parish that includes an “Aunt Kate.” They are the real pillars of the church. In the case of Old Bridge Methodist, it is Aunt Kate Van Hise and you might say that she and Claire are co-captains. “If Claire and Carl hadn’t come along just when they did,” says Aunt Kate firmly, “I think this church would have gone out of existence.” That kind of talk makes Carl and Claire blush; they’re not the kind of people who want to be flattered. The important thing is that the church is a real church home now for increasing numbers of good folks.

It’s just one room. Out back there is a somewhat shaky building where junior Sunday school and nursery keeps. Adult Sunday school is at 10:15 and morning service follows at 11:30. The robed children’s choir sings its own anthem before leaving for junior church. Patsy is the pianist for the children’s choir and leaves with her mother, after the adult choir sings.

**A** BUILDING program is under way. The building out back is neither adequate nor safe for parish use. The best plan seems to be to raise the church and build a good assembly room underneath. The parish men will do most of the actual labor, so costs can be kept to an estimated \$10,000, of which \$2,000 is already in hand.

The parish has come a long way from the days when there was only \$2 weekly for the minister. They now have a young minister who is taking his divinity training at Drew University and

serves two adjacent charges. The church can pay him a respectable salary and has been able to acquire its first real parsonage. Here Carl Crandall and the other men did a fine job of renovation. Now settled there, with Susie the dachshund, a huge orange angora cat, and a baby expected in the late summer, the minister, John W. Fitzgerald, and his wife, look forward to growing with the church.

The Christian way of everyday living is as natural to the Crandall household as the air they breath. Devotions are crystallized in the use of *The Upper Room*. At supper it is read by everyone

at table, in turn; everyone takes turns asking the blessing, too. And this is one facet of what is a complete, unconscious infiltration of Christian belief in the everyday life of the household.

**A** PSYCHOANALYST would find poor pickings in the Crandall home. There are no individualists, in the sense of overly assertive temperaments. Mental and emotional elbow-room for everyone makes it a completely “all for one and one for all” set-up. And yet that is not to say there are no discernible differences in this cohesive family.

(Continued on page 36)



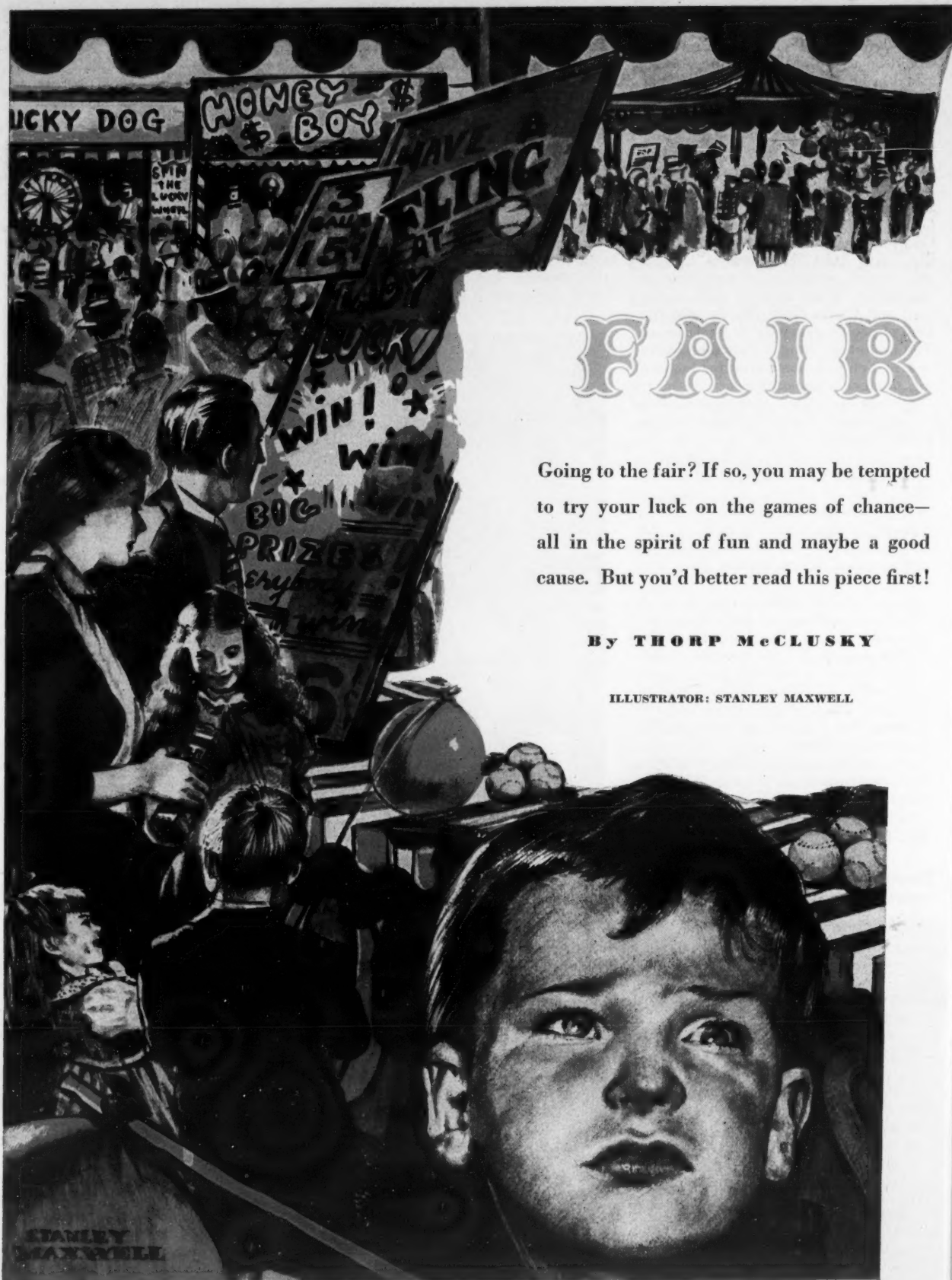
Scoutmaster Crandall takes his troop out for a hike in the Jersey woods. Appetites whetted, they build a fire and intently watch the “franks” cook.

Patsy plays for the junior choir; David sings in the last row. Singing completed, Mrs. Crandall, the leader, leaves

for the junior church which meets while the adult services are being held. The children are playing Bible Lotto.







# FAIR

Going to the fair? If so, you may be tempted to try your luck on the games of chance—all in the spirit of fun and maybe a good cause. But you'd better read this piece first!

By THORP McCLUSKY

ILLUSTRATOR: STANLEY MAXWELL



# CHANCE

THEY were just an average young American couple, out for a harmless good time at the fair. They ambled along the midway, reveling in the carnival confusion of sights, sounds and smells—the stately Ferris wheel and the zooming “Thunderbolt,” the hot buttered popcorn and the taffy and the pink lemonade, the off-key bands and the thumping calliopes, the freak show and the gipsy fortune-teller, the games of “chance” and “skill” that beckoned so invitingly with their glittering displays of prizes.

Before one of the larger concessions the young husband stopped, dug down into his pocket for a coin. “Guess I’ll take a chance on the wheel,” he said, with a sheepish grin. He elbowed into the crowd playing the game, and put his money on a numbered square. The concessionaire spun the wheel with a flourish. When it stopped, everybody sighed in unison. Nobody had played the winning number.

“Better luck next time, folks,” the operator called out, raking in a handful of silver. “You pays your money and you takes your chance.”

The young couple looked a little wistfully at the showy display—the tiers of lamps, toasters, dishes, knives, dolls, blankets, linen, silverware, guns, costume jewelry, and even 17-jewel watches. It was the sure-lure “country store” layout, with the 4-foot “Wheel of Fortune” on its beautifully polished mahogany pedestal. This game looked as honest as the Federal Reserve Bank.

The young husband slid another coin onto the counter.

Five dollars later he muttered to his wife, “Know something, honey? I got a hunch this wheel is crooked.”

Something was odd, certainly. Twenty or thirty people had spent maybe

\$75, and one little girl had won a doll while a farmer’s wife had collected a cheap cake-plate. Two strangers none of the local folk recognized had won an expensive wrist-watch and a portable radio. But the rest of the time the wheel had always stopped on a number nobody was playing. It all looked a trifle suspicious.

The young husband happened to be correct in his hunch. The wheel *was* crooked. Inside the pedestal was a long iron rod which pressed hard against the axis of the wheel whenever the concessionaire stepped on a pedal, concealed under the counter. In the lingo of carnivals, this was a “controlled” wheel, while the operator was a “grifter”—one who runs a dishonest game. The dubious gentry who won the valuable prizes were carnival employees posing as members of the public; they’re known as “sticks,” while somebody working directly for the concessionaire is a “shill.” The poor grass-roots victims are, of course, “marks.”

It is more than likely that you will be included among the 100,000,000 Americans who will average three visits each to a midway this summer—either a fair, carnival, or perhaps even a church- or lodge-sponsored bazaar. Of course, you are not a gambler in the sense that the fascination of trying to get something for nothing has such a hold on you that it is literally a mental illness.

CHANCES are, you would be aghast at any thought of risking your week’s wages on a horse race or a card game. You are sensible enough to realize that reckless surrender to the gambling instinct invariably brings misery to someone. You’re appalled when you read that the annual “take” at race tracks

alone is something above six billion dollars—and you wonder with bitter irony how the nation’s churches, schools, hospitals, and many other constructive activities manage to struggle along on budgets that are piddling by comparison.

NO, of course you are not a gambler. Let us say you have strict moral convictions on the subject. You would not be caught dead in a gambling establishment, and you regard people who haunt race tracks and roulette parlors and bigtime lotteries as little better morally than the slick operators, touts and bookmakers who make a handsome living off them.

Yet you may still be inclined to take a flyer while in holiday mood, because it’s all part of a novel and uncommon experience. It’s exciting and relaxing. The stakes are not high, so you don’t care if you lose—and maybe you’ll win. Perhaps, too, the receipts—or a percentage—are slated to go to some worthy cause or organization. You feel that, even if you lose, you’re really helping.

So you toss a few coins on the “Wheel of Fortune” counter—and just about now, like the young husband, you begin to wonder if you are being “taken for a sleigh-ride.”

Not all games of chance or their operators, “pitchmen,” are crooked, of course. Many are scrupulously honest. They travel the same route year after year, returning to the same towns annually, and they are welcomed, or at least tolerated, by both the general public and their local sponsors. But others are sharks from the word “Go.”

How can you tell the difference? Well, let’s take a stroll down the midway and see what happens to you—and



## Lines of a Layman

MY FAITH IS NOT SHAKEN!

By J. C. Penney

**R**ECENT events have not shaken my faith in the ultimate triumph of freedom and justice, for I was reared by parents whose faith in God and in the belief that right will triumph eventually is too deeply implanted in me to doubt the final triumph.

But I would emphasize the words "ultimate" and "final." I am not at all sure we may not have to pass through a period of great trial. I am of the opinion that we are in prophetic days, a time when Evil is to be powerful, powerful enough apparently to override the Good (a minister whom I know once said that if we knew our Bible we would not need to read newspapers).

But we must face conditions as they exist, and possible greater tribulation as part of the world's destiny, without losing faith that in due time right will triumph over might. A business friend of mine said to me recently that everything tends to make everyone pessimistic. I do not agree. These experiences should cause us to examine our faith and re-establish our convictions. We should resolve with God's help to acquit ourselves like men. We should seek and find a deep and abiding faith that cannot be shaken by outward events.

God alone, not Evil, is all-powerful. His will for the world is justice and right. Good emerges slowly, but we must not doubt its final victory. God's purpose *will* be established on earth.

what happens behind the scenes there.

Generally, these games fall into one of two categories. There are games of chance, in which your opponent is the mathematical odds against you. Betting on the next card to turn up is, for example, a game of chance. Then there are the games of skill, in which a keen eye, a steady hand, understanding of the game and practice may increase your chances of winning.

Let's pause before a very common game of "skill," so-called. Three wooden milk bottles stand in pyramid formation on a shelf, and all you have to do is knock them all off with three baseballs. Sounds simple, doesn't it?

Well, it's more difficult than you think. To win, you almost certainly have to knock two bottles off with the first ball. Probably you've just seen the pitchman or a "shill" knock all three off with one ball, so you know it can be done.

Before you start to throw, look at the bottles closely. Notice that they are much slimmer than real milk bottles, and gauge their distance carefully. Otherwise your first ball may be thrown too high.

Is there a space—say half an inch—between the two bottles forming the base of the pyramid? If so, the concessionaire has "rigged" their arrangement so that one ball cannot possibly knock them both off. For you to have a chance of getting three bottles with three balls, they should be touching

each other—and one ball should get the two bottom bottles. Furthermore, they may be weighted, so that a very hard blow is necessary to knock them off. One or more of the three balls you are handed may even be weighted off-center, so you can't help but pitch a curve. If this game is rigged in any of these ways, you're only wasting your money.

Then here's a similar game called "Three Cats." It may be rigged like the bottle game, and there may even be an extra bit of flimflam—the solid portion of the cats may be very slim indeed, while the remainder is only a fluffy "fur" you can throw a ball right through without moving the cats a bit.

**W**E pass this one up and arrive at the "high striker," where you wham a mallet against a lever and send a pellet rocketing up a scale, to ring the big gong at the top—you hope. Maybe this game is on the level, but if it isn't, even Samson in his most hirsute days couldn't have won. A concealed clutch, controlling a ratchet or "binding" mechanism would have taken care of that.

One game that looks ridiculously easy consists of two uprights supporting a crossbar, with a ball suspended beneath. You are supposed to swing the ball away from you in such a way that it will knock over a little pin on the return swing. If this is a controlled game, however, the grifter can tilt the uprights a little by a concealed lever, so that the ball is no longer in line with

the pin. Or he can turn the pin so that it's out of line with the ball (you see, it's shaved at an angle on the bottom).

Next, we may be asked to drop a ball through a hole so it will come to rest on a ring underneath. Trouble is, the hole may not be quite in line with the ring—if the operator shifts the frame of the game a little bit. You may try tossing rings over blocks, but the grifter may have made a "ring switch" before your very eyes, handing you rings of slightly smaller diameter than the ones he used for demonstration. (Remember Grandma's crochet rings, that locked together to hold a piece of fabric taut? One was smaller than the other, yet an unobservant eye wouldn't notice this.)

In the ring games, it's easy to have the blocks holding the more valuable prizes just large enough so the rings won't drop over them. There may be a spur or protuberance on the far side of the upright post so that the rings will bounce. To win a costly prize, you may have to toss the ring a considerable distance, and it may strike the post at such an angle that it can't possibly encircle the block after it slides down. The rings themselves may be so light in weight that they can't be accurately directed. Ever try to throw a feather accurately?

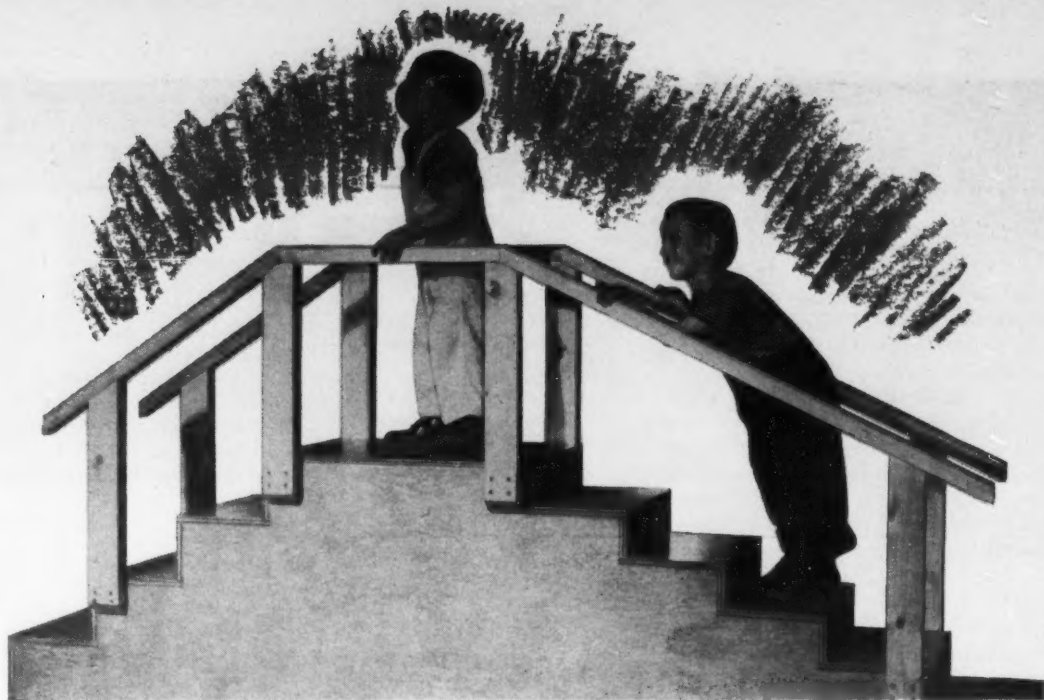
A game that attracts attention by its odd appearance is one known as "Old Klondike" or simply "The Bird Cage." It looks like a long bird cage slung on an axis. Inside are three dice, and the cage is spun for the ostensible purpose of shaking the dice fairly. But the dice may be loaded or electrified. Some dice are even two-way winners for the grifter; they are weighted with lead on one side and contain iron on the other. If the current is on, the iron side falls to the bottom, and if the current is off, it's the lead side that's on the bottom. Some dice are transparent, and supposedly fair because you can see through them, but sufficient iron to make them crooked may be concealed *beneath the spots*. No human being stands a chance against this sort of opposition.

Loaded dice can sometimes be detected by dropping them in a glass of water. Repeated trials will reveal that they always float with the same face uppermost. But who can make a test like this at a midway? For that matter, who can haul out a magnet, or a compass, and test the games to see whether or not they are electrically controlled? Chances are, the old carnival alarm of "Hey Rubel!" would ring out, and a battle royal would start then and there.

Midways abound in "wheel" games of many sorts, and they all can be and usually are rigged. Friction or an electro-magnetic "drag" may be applied to the axis. The wheel may be "weighted" in various ways, and the weights themselves may be easily shifted. One

(Continued on page 48)





# "SPASTICS" Can Be Happy

HERE'S WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT CEREBRAL PALSY AND ITS VICTIMS

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

**Y**OU have already looked at the pictures on this page. They are proof that "spastics" can be happy.

First let us dispose of that common and inaccurate term "spastics." It is commonly used to refer to children with cerebral palsy. The term is inaccurate because spastic paralysis involving muscle spasm is only one form of this disease. A more common form is the athetoid, in which there is constant and uncoordinated muscular movement. These two forms comprise eighty percent of the patients. The remaining twenty percent are divided among the tremor or trembling forms, the rigid, and the ataxic.

Now look at the pictures again and bear in mind that these happy-faced children, obviously having fun while they overcome their handicaps, started out like a little baby girl named Charlotte.

Charlotte looked like a normal baby when she was born. Like all babies her eyes crossed and her hands and feet moved without coordination. She was the first

child of young parents and they were not much concerned when even at six months the baby had not learned to sit up and her movements showed even less purpose and control than would be expected of a child at that age. When

she was nine months old she was unable to sit up, chew or swallow. She drooled continuously and still showed only exaggerated, aimless and continuous movements. The parents took her to a physician. It did not take long to diagnose it as cerebral palsy.

If this little girl-baby had been under regular medical supervision, as all babies should be, the physician would have suspected something wrong much earlier and would have arrived at a diagnosis without so much delay. Just as the pride of young parents is a normal, healthy baby, so a child which appears abnormal, retarded, or otherwise unusual may be regarded as a source of embarrassment and a reflection upon the parents. Such children are often denied medical attention and concealed from the neighbors because the parents have a false sense of shame and are unwilling to admit the presence of a palsied child in the family.

For many years this condition  
(Continued on page 62)



Photos from National Society for Crippled Children and Adults

**Bobby steps along cautiously with the aid of parallel bars. The divider board prevents him from crossing his feet as he walks.**

# THE BESTEST



By MARTHA KING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATOR: MITCHELL HOOKS

**T**HE young assistant stopped for a moment beside the head kindergarten teacher's desk. "There's something wrong with Mary this morning," he said.

"Yes, I know," Ann Larson nodded, a frown puckering her forehead. "Probably best not to notice."

Although there were several Mary's in the kindergarten class, there was really only one Mary: lovely, little, five-year-old Mary Kimbel, with her mop of golden curls and dancing brown eyes and adorable mouth.

But there was no dance in those eyes this morning, no smile tipping up the corners of the red mouth. She sat, now, at the modeling table, a lump of clay held loosely in her small hand.

"Whyn't you make a chicken, Mary?"

questioned Larry, the little boy sitting beside her. "See mine!"

Mary looked at the grotesque object Larry proudly exhibited. "That's a nice chicken, Larry. I—I just don't feel like making one today."

"You feel sick?"

"No, I'm not sick." A look of sudden bewilderment swept the dark eyes.

Standing back of the little girl's chair, Ann put her hand on the golden curls. "It's all right, Mary. You know, all big sculptors have to be in the mood. Sometimes, they just can't do anything." She moved on around the table.

Usually the most responsive, helpful, enthusiastic child in the room, Ann had never seen Mary Kimbel like this. Of course, there were cases of measles and other children's diseases about. Perhaps

Mary was coming down with something. But she didn't look ill; she looked troubled, confused, and Ann didn't like that.

She watched Mary go dazedly through the rest of the morning; not singing, shaking her head when chosen for a game, staring listlessly out of the window during the story period.

The next morning they were taking the children on a visit to the zoo. Ann looked about at the shining, eager, little faces.

"I'm going, Miss Larson!" "I'm going to wear my new dungarees!" "My Mommy wants to know just when she should get here with the car."

"I've talked with all the mothers, Kathryn. I'm sure they understand. We are all to meet here at half-past eight. Oh, I do hope every single one of you can go!"

"I'm not going, Miss Larson," said Mary Kimbel in a tight little voice.

Ah—so this was it!

"Mary, are you sure? I talked with your mother the first of the week. I told her there would be room for you in my car."

"I can't go, Miss Larson."

Ann and her assistant exchanged quick glances. Ann shook her head slightly, but the admonition did not penetrate to Larry.

"Whyn't you go, Mary? We're goin' to see nelephants an' tigers an' bears. Won't your mother let you go?"

The group about Mary gazed at her curiously.

"I just can't," Mary drew back in her chair. "Anyway, I've been before. I've

CHRISTIAN HERALD



Nothing was going to pry little Mary's secret from her—  
not even the promise of a class-visit to the zoo!

seen all the animals. I—" the child caught in her lower lip.

"All right, children," said Ann, hurriedly. "Let's all stand and sing our good-by song."

She patted Mary's curls again as the line filed out, but she did not speak to the little girl. Going back to the school-room, she sat down at her desk and dropped her chin into her hands.

**I**T WAS quite unexplainable. Some children might have been kept home for discipline, but not Mary—surely not Mary.

"What do you make of it?" the assistant was packing away the small chairs. "We certainly never ran into anything quite like this before."

"I shall find out," said Ann. "I'll call up or go see Mrs. Kimbel this afternoon."

But it was Mrs. Kimbel who 'phoned her soon after lunch. "Could you run in for a few minutes around four, Miss Larson? Something I'd like to talk over with you."

"I was planning that very thing," said Ann. "I'll be there on the dot."

Rosalie Kimbel was an older Mary. The same sunny expression lighted her face, but today it was almost as dimmed as little Mary's had been.

"I sent Mary over to the Fowlers. She is crazy about the Fowler baby and spends a lot of time there. Of course, she told you she couldn't go to the zoo tomorrow?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kimbel. And she did seem so sunk. What happened?"

Mrs. Kimbel leaned back in her chair with a long-drawn breath. "Something quite impossible, and yet—here it is: My husband's father's older brother is visiting us for a few weeks. He's nearly

80, a bit on the forgetful side, but still quite alert. He has seemed to enjoy Mary and she often goes into his room. Yesterday, he came to me terribly upset. He said there was a two-dollar bill on his dresser the other day, and Mary had been much interested in it. He'd told her he was keeping it for luck, as he thought a two-dollar bill lucky instead of unlucky as lots of people did. Mary had said, 'Two dollars is an awful lot of money, isn't it? It would buy a big present, wouldn't it?' Well, Uncle Andrew can't find his two-dollar bill, and he thinks Mary took it."

"Mary! Took it?" cried Ann. "Not our Mary."

Mrs. Kimbel shook her head. "I said that, too. And I'm still trying to say it. But—I helped Uncle Andrew search his room. We didn't find it. I did find it later—under Mary's box of hankies in her dresser."

Ann stared at Mary's mother in stupefied silence.

"I didn't tell Uncle Andrew I'd found it," went on Mrs. Kimbel, "but this morning, I told Mary everything. She looked dazed. She said the bill was hers, but wouldn't explain how she got it. And you know, two-dollar bills are quite rare. Mary kept saying, 'It is mine, Mommy. It's a secret, and I can't tell a secret.' I'm terribly afraid she's taken it to buy me a birthday gift. Finally, I told her she could not go to the zoo unless she explained."

Ann leaned her head back against Phil Stanton's broad shoulder. She sighed tiredly.

"Sweetheart," he said, gently, "you're all in tonight, aren't you? I'll be darn glad when this year is over and I can

take you away from those worrisome little brats."

"Hey, mister! You know I'll never be happy until we get some little 'brats' all our own. I just couldn't live without them. They may be worrisome, but I can take it—and love it."

"Not thinking of getting them in bunches, are you? Twins? Triplets? Remember, I'm no millionaire."

"No, darling, I'll take them singly. I do hope our first baby will be as adorable as your sister's. Joey Fowler is one cute mite."

"Say, are you too tired to run down there a minute? I want to see Joe about some Rotary programs."

The men went into Joe's den, while Ann sat down in the living room and watched Linda sew the zipper into a crocheted hand-bag.

**I'M MAKING** this for Rosalie Kimbel. It's her birthday next Tuesday, and I'm having them all here for a supper-party. Mary is thrilled pink about it." Linda hesitated a moment, while she threaded her needle. "I suppose I shouldn't tell—it's a big secret. But you can keep it under your hat. You know, Mary adores Joey, and she really is almost as good as a grown-up with him. She wheels him up and down the walk and entertains him in his pen."

"Sometime ago, she spoke of Jean  
(Continued on page 66)



SERMON-OF-THE-MONTH

By BENJ. F. SCHWARTZ

•

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO



# Jesus and the Family Circle

*During His ministry, the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus in Bethany offered Jesus rest and peace; it also offered Him perspective and spiritual insight.*



**W**HEN Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, hung his apron up for the last time on its accustomed peg and left the carpenter-shop forever to begin His ministry, He never again enjoyed the quiet and serenity of home life. His mother and His brothers were at best puzzled over His behavior and there is evidence that they were openly hostile toward Him. On one occasion they even proposed to take Him home by force because they thought Him crazy.

The nearest approach to a home where He could relax and gain some of that perspective which normal home-life gives to a man, was the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus of Bethany. How much this quiet retreat meant to Him during the strenuous days of His last week on earth can only be conjectured. He who found the desert places of Galilee so important as a means of orienting Himself in terms of the will of God must have held the same high appreciation of the meaning of human fellowship that made this home significant.

Let us consider now some aspects of that Bethany home as we enter National Family Week together. We call this Family Week, yet here is a home without a family in the strict sense of the word. There were only two sisters and a brother in that family circle. Father and mother had long since died. Even Lazarus, the brother, had reached the age where sickness laid him low and, but for the miraculous intervention of Jesus, there would have been only the two sisters, Mary and Martha. Such a limited family circle seems at first sight to be hardly adequate, hardly normal, as a basis for a study of Family Week.

Perhaps there is something here more significant than we at first recognize. Our age is obsessed with Freudian Psychology, particularly with that popular interpretation which has exaggerated sex beyond Freud's own theories of it. To all such exaggeration and over-emphasis, the Bethany home stands as a stern but beautiful rebuke. Here were three people who had learned that a home is not dependent on sex for its loveliness. Important as sex may be to us there are vast areas of interest and of basic meaning far and away beyond the biological urges of life. It is as though

Bethany would remind us that man liveth not by sex alone.

Consider, likewise, how that Bethany home provides the perspective on some of the most intensely spiritual insights of Jesus. It is as though His greatest flashes of insight came to Him there. And He imparted those insights in unforgettable words to those who were members of that family circle as well as to His disciples.

Let us study three of them. There is the insight into those traits in human nature which are the hope and despair of home partnership, the insight in immortality, and the insight into failure. Ever since Mary and Martha laid bare the basic difference between the extravert and the introvert we have felt more at ease about their problem. For we know that there is a possible settlement of the issue, not the way we like to settle it, with angry argument, but with that deeper insight Jesus used. Life is not a problem to be fought over. Life is a dish to be enjoyed, He said. Each one chooses. Martha, in choosing the dish of drudgery, had ceased to enjoy it and then turned on Mary in order to force her with an appeal to duty to leave the dish she had chosen and become a drudge like herself. How graciously Jesus cleared the atmosphere for them, and for us! How much more meaning there would be for our so-called normal home life if we could only apply that simple lesson of that Bethany Home to our homes. Perhaps it was more normal than what we call normal—normal because it made welcome that Lord of Life who is too often a stranger in our homes.

**T**HEN there is the insight into what we call immortality. It is at the grave of Lazarus that we hear the words that forever shatter our sense-bound notion about death. We use the words at the beginning of our funeral services: "Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." There is an insight into death that has brought comfort to untold numbers of people because He gave it to (Continued on next page)

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sorrowing sisters at the grave of their beloved brother, in Bethany. We talk about immortality as something that begins after death. He talks about it as a vital part of the home and now. You can begin to be immortal in your home, at the roadside, at the fishing boats by the side of the lake, anywhere that you take your stand for Christ and for the things that endure. That is immortality.

But, most important of all, because it grows out of those other insights, is the Bethany Perspective on failure. Here was a home that, by all our standards, was a failure. There was no sex there. Here was a man who was a failure. He had died, a victim to some obscure disease. Here was a woman who was a failure. Ask Martha. She would tell you, complainingly, as she told Jesus, how miserably Mary had failed as a housekeeper. Ask Judas, or, for that matter any of the disciples, and they would tell you how extravagant she was. It was she who, in an ecstasy of adoration, broke a costly box of ointment over the head and feet of Jesus. They were unanimous in condemning her quite as bitterly as Martha had condemned Mary about her housekeeping. Most assuredly Mary was a failure!

Strange how Jesus insisted otherwise. With that same courtesy and grace He turns His divine insight on that situation and forever confounds our human judgments. Mary has done what her heart prompts her to do. That is never a failure. "She has done what she could," He declares. Those who criticised her found themselves up against the implied

rebuke. Had they done what they could for the poor they professed to love so much? Or was their criticism merely crankiness, merely fault-finding based on a basic negativism in their hearts?

We speak of Gethsemane as a place of agony. True. Can we not speak of Bethany as the place of perspective? In a sense Mary was His foil. They had accused her of the same kind of failure for which He was preparing Himself. He had upset the housekeepers of the temple as Mary had upset Martha's housekeeping, and with even more bitterness. He was about to give up His life out of pure, unrequited love. He would stake everything on that. Would He be forever criticised as Mary was? Or was there something hidden deep in the heart of each human being that would ultimately declare Him everlastingly right? In a beautiful way Mary had anointed Him for all this.

I wonder what is happening in Bethany now. It is just outside Jerusalem—undoubtedly was a stronghold for the Jews in their clashes with the Arabs. The Romans used it for that purpose, and ever since it has been considered a poor place to live. The home where Jesus stayed is a ruin now.

Perhaps this a symbol. As long as we measure our lives by conquest, the insights of Bethany will lie in ruins like the home itself. Shall we rebuild our faith on the solid foundations of spontaneous love? Shall we at long last make the Cross meaningful as a measure of success and not just as a symbol to ornament our selfish lives?

#### BOB HAS A HOBBY

(Continued from page 6)

prove a bore to us. He finally gathered courage to launch out and, as he talked, his tongue was loosened and he cast all diffidence aside. He told us how he started making telescopes—yes, telescopes, of all things for a lad of fifteen years! He made a very small one first, he said, and explained what sort of lenses he had used and where he purchased them. He told us how he overcame the difficulties that arose and how he made improvements. He amazed us all by telling how inexpensive were the materials that he had picked up here and there and found that he could use. His telescope, the first one that he made, cost a dollar ninety-eight. He made six in all and each one was an improvement on the last, until now he had a large one, mounted on a tripod and all completely built by him. This interest in astronomy had led him to an interest in biology and here this fifteen-year-old boy had built his own microscope and this "hobby," we could see, had taken complete possession of our Bob.

Our little Bob was standing there and telling of his hobby, his face glowing with excitement and pleasure, his

words pouring forth in a flood, and we—well, we sat there dumfounded. Here was our Bob, the lively, mischievous, little boy we used to know, suddenly transformed before our eyes. It was an amazing spectacle and showed us the power of a hobby.

Bob doesn't know, as yet, just where he's going. He only knows the thing that he likes best to do and he is doing it with heart and soul.

How many people are there in this world who never find the thing that they like best to do! The saddest thing, I think, must be to spend a life in doing something that you don't care, particularly, to do. There are so many people who'll never find the work that they like best!

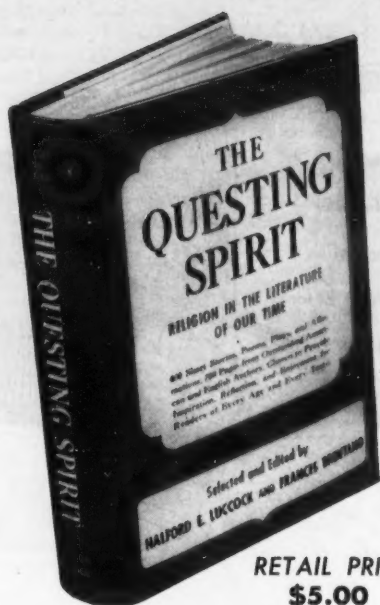
I believe we all should strive to find the thing, in life, that we can put ourselves behind with fire and enthusiasm. I believe that there is something each one will enjoy and which he will do better than any other thing, and I believe that every one can find this—if he will.

Since I heard Bob, last night, I know he has a hobby which catches and takes hold of his imagination and will guide him down the river of his dreams.

I wonder if we didn't entertain a scientist last night.

THE END





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IN OUR HOME

By MARI ANN MENTOR

**T**ENDER, homely scenes such as the poet Longfellow pictures in "The Children's Hour" have faded far away from our American homes and with them have gone much of the true and beautiful with which American parents strengthened and enriched the lives of their children.

Reading the daily papers and listening to the newscasts have forced my husband and myself to realize that the world into which our children are rapidly growing portends to be even worse than the present one. They will need a deeper background of general knowledge to use in judging world problems, a broader understanding of human relations, a sense of spiritual values, and an awakening of individual responsibility for social needs—all of which we should be giving them in the home. We knew our church and school were doing good work, but we had to admit that the job was primarily ours.

We had to acknowledge that we did not really know our children—what they were reading, thinking, or doing. We were not exactly failing as parents, but to our children we were a negative factor in their life. They were our best investment in the future. What were we putting into that investment?

We decided to establish a children's hour in our home. Each evening for some months the after-dinner hour has brought our little family together that

we may enjoy each other's company in conversation, reading, story-telling, games, or music.

Of course it has meant sacrifice for us—to dedicate such an hour to our children—sacrifice not only of material possessions, but more importantly of our own personal desires in attending clubs, dinners, parties, and other conflicting engagements.

Fortunately it is becoming easier to hire help in the home, and I was able to find a woman to come at four and stay until the dinner work was finished. That has cost me some club dues and some new hats and gowns, but I have been free to spend the evening with my family undisturbed by household cares.

**B**UT what do such silly material things matter—the social climbing, the "keeping up with the Joneses"—compared to the satisfaction that comes to us in knowing that, encircled by such daily proofs of love and thoughtful devotion, our children will grow up secure in the love of their father and mother and their friends, unafraid of the world into which they must soon venture, and rich in the understanding of life and its problems? Through all their years, our boys and girls will cherish the memories of the children's hour in our home.

For all these reasons, my husband and I planned in minute detail just what we wished our children's hour to be.

We did it joyfully, and prayerfully, and it has meant much to us.

After lunch I finish my work as soon as possible so that I may lie down to rest an hour before dressing for the evening. Just another house-dress is not good enough for the occasion. It must be a favorite gown. The children love me best in a velvet hostess gown with a flower or ribbon in my hair. I dress Donnie, the two-year-old, and having given explicit directions to my substitute in the kitchen, I have time to relax over my sewing or reading before the older ones—Sue, Bill, and Margot—come in from school.

If I must be away with friends or to a club during the afternoon, my helper comes earlier to look after Donnie. I let nothing interfere with my arrival home in time to dress and greet the trio warmly as they come in from play at 5:00, to bathe and dress in some of their best, too, before their father arrives from the office. Thus they are out of his way in bedrooms and bath.

**A**T SIX we sit down in our family dining room (dinettes have ruined more children's manners than the comics) to a table prettily appointed with flowers, good china, and as complete a silver service as we own. Each evening meal is a golden opportunity for teaching the children table etiquette and courtesies. My good kitchen helper has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion from the first and we have even varied our menus with Emily Post rehearsals in mind.

Here at our own table, our four have learned to say grace. Even Donnie has his turn with a simple little prayer suitable to his age. Occasionally we sing our thanks. This is a simple bit of training we are giving them, but doubly valuable—a religious experience, and a rehearsal in one of the social amenities. How many grown men and women we've seen deeply embarrassed when as guests their hostess has asked them to say grace!

All the children were thrilled from the first. Just think! A party every evening! They became apt pupils and soon they were using the correct silver and displaying gracious manners.

Essential as we considered these courtesies to be, my husband and I have far deeper purposes. Our dinner-hour conversations are to serve as the medium for learning our children's personalities, for teaching them much they need to know for settling their own problems, and alerting them to local and world news.

Dinner over, we gather in the living room for our get-together. The children may group themselves about their father to pursue further, in their reading or discussion, some topic introduced by one of them at the table. It is not unusual to see reference books come down from the shelves or someone poring over a

(Continued on page 43)

Here is what  
Jesus said  
about gifts—

"For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

**J**esus and the disciples were sitting near the treasury. Many of the rich were casting in large sums. Then came the poor widow who gave two mites, which made a farthing. Seeing this, Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury."

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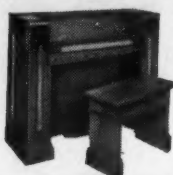
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— PSALMS 33:3

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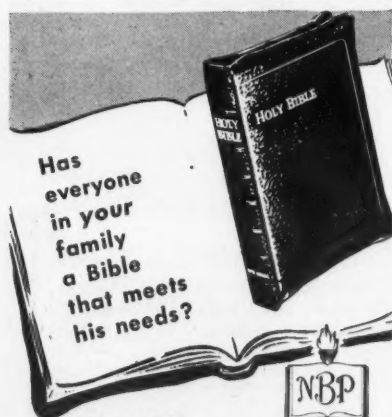


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## MEET THE CRANDALLS

(Continued from page 23)

Of the four children, Carl Jr., 17, is perhaps the most introspective, although he possesses an underlying taste for clowning and when cousin George arrives, they team up and "put the show on the road." Carl would like to be an architect, is a reader, and might like to write. He is reserved in manner, yet an easy, interesting conversationalist, able to express himself forcibly because he is well-informed.

He will be glad when his church has an adequate assembly hall. Facilities for wholesome recreation in the town now are divided between the high school, somewhat limited, and the Newman Club of the Catholic parish. The Newman invites Protestant as well as Catholic young people to its dances, but Carl, Jr. and Patsy Crandall, for no reasons whatever of prejudice, would nevertheless like to have comparable recreational facilities in their own Protestant environment.

The Youth Fellowship has had some hard sledding; but now that the church activities are gathering strength and support, reorganization is in the air. Patsy has been elected president of Youth Fellowship—which sort of guarantees its moving into bigger things. Carl Jr. is treasurer and shows up regularly for Sunday evening Youth Fellowship because he feels that progress can only be made when all the young people pull together.

I asked Patsy if she thought it was possible to live by the Golden Rule these days. She was knitting a pair of blue Sox and she thought the question over before answering. "Yes, I do," she said. "It is one of the things you grow up believing. But I think it pays in lots of ways, too. I try to be nice to everyone because I know how I'd feel if—well, for instance, if I were left out because I didn't have the right kind of clothes to wear." Patsy likes people, is friendly with everyone in her age group, and wants to study medicine.

David is just an attractive 9-year-old, with natural good manners and an affable disposition. During the war he got all steamed up over being a Marine when he grew up, or a fire-fighter. Now he doesn't think much about it, and will let the future take care of itself. "I like mathematics at school, believe it or not," he says with a grin. "Do you think Ripley would like to hear from me?"

Kenneth is a 24-carat charmer. A couple of times he's tried to lend a hand in running Sunday morning church and nobody seemed to object. His present ambition is to grow big enough so he can wear a white surplice and sing in the children's choir, like David.

Carl, Jr. and Patsy each get \$1 a week allowance. David gets 25 cents

a week. Patsy likes to buy her school lunch and Claire gives her 35 cents a day for this. Carl, Jr. can't buy the five sandwiches and piece of cake he likes all for 35 cents, so he takes lunch from home.

The household gets up at 6:30. Claire is a painless housekeeper. "I control the housekeeping—I don't let it control me." She likes everything clean, neat, well-cooked and pleasant for the family, but she hasn't any rigid schedule to keep it so. Sometimes her husband joshes her about all her outside activities, though you can see he is proud of the ways she finds to be helpful and of genuine service.

In summer they go to the lake, and occasionally (less than once a month) to drive-in movies. By and large, movies are last on the list of entertainment. They find too much fun in just doing things together to be satisfied with purely "spectator" stuff.

There are fairly frequent raffles and bingo games for one cause or another in Old Bridge, but to even the children in the Crandall family this is gambling and not for them.

**"IF THERE** are any rules for our marriage and our family life," the Crandalls say thoughtfully, "they are the two 'bears'—bear and forbear. And our beloved chapter in Corinthians. To us our life seems ideally happy. We have health, faith, work, and one another. It sounds rather simple. Because it sounds so simple, maybe it sounds a little hard to believe. We have found that if you want to establish a good marriage the way to do it is to take Christ right into your home and live by His teachings."

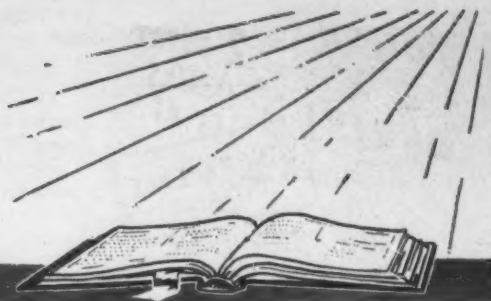
Carl, Sr. hasn't found it difficult to live his Christian faith in relation to everyday conditions. He doesn't "join the boys for a beer" because he's the leader of a Boy Scout troop, and how could he expect to influence the boys for good if he did? There's usually a dice game, or a pool on the length of a construction job; he doesn't go into those either, but hasn't seen any signs of this hurting him among his associates. "I've found people respect you for doing whatever you think is right. They may not agree with you but they don't think it's right to interfere with you."

Nor do you have to go sounding off about your beliefs, in order to exert an influence. "The job of every Christian is to spread the Gospel as he understands it. But first you have to get to know the people you come in contact with, to know how you can reflect the Gospel in a way that will appeal. Witnessing for Christ takes many forms. It may be unnatural, strained, to do a lot of talking on the job. But people observe behavior. If you live your Christian beliefs, reflecting Christianity, it will work for the Kingdom of God."

THE END

# Daily Meditations

by WALTER L. MOORE



## Sunday, May 1

READ JOHN 14:18; 19

*Is He within thy heart, or ruler of a distant realm in which thou hast no part?*

—THOMAS T. LYNCH

THE GREATEST FACT of Christian experience is the presence of the living Lord with the believer. Sainly Phillips Brooks once said, "All experience grows more and more to be the pressure of His life on ours. He is here; I know Him; He knows me. It is no figure of speech, it is the realest thing in the world, and every day it grows realer, until one wonders with delight what it will grow to as the years go on."

*Grant us, blessed Friend and Guide, a sense of Thy presence so vivid that Thou shalt be indeed closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. Amen.*

## Monday, May 2

READ NEHEMIAH 8:10

*But never let me lose my song before the hardest day is through.*

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE FIRST WORD of the Sermon on the Mount, "blessed," is sometimes translated "happy." It refers not to fortunate circumstances nor momentary exhilaration, but to the inner state of those who are right at the center of their being. Jesus had a profound joy which gave Him strength to endure the cross. He prayed that we might share it, for joyous Christians are strong Christians. Nehemiah told his people many years before, "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

*Blessed God, we have sometimes allowed self-centeredness, worry and boredom to destroy our joy. Give us a quality of spirit in which such things cannot exist. Amen.*

## Tuesday, May 3

READ JOHN 9:1

*What know we greater than the soul?*

—TENNYSON

NO TWO PAIRS OF EYES ever see the same thing. The neighbors of the blind man whom Jesus healed saw only his poverty and ignoble vocation. They said, "Is not this he that sat and begged?" The disciples saw his condition as an evidence of God's displeas-

ure. They asked, "Who did sin, this man or his parents?" What of the Master? "And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man!" The Christ's eyes see beyond beggar's rags, whining solicitations, and blind eyes, and are focused on the man and his needs. Do we see people as He does?

*O Thou who lookest on men's hearts, help us as we walk the streets to see people as persons, made in Thy image. We pray in Jesus' name. Amen.*

## Wednesday, May 4

READ PHILIPPIANS 1:25

HORACE MANN, educator and statesman, was born 153 years ago today, in such poverty that until he was 15 he was never able to attend school more than eight or ten weeks during any year. His most effective teacher was the pastor of his little village church. At 20, he fell in with a good college preparatory teacher, and in six months fitted himself for admission to the sophomore class of Brown University. He went on to become one of the great leaders of education in Massachusetts and the nation. Two men, a pastor and a teacher, gave him the vision. His last words to his students were: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

*God, bless the pastors and teachers and all others who inspire young people to strive for the heights. Amen.*

## Thursday, May 5

READ PSALM 119:105

THE YOUTH of John Ruskin was devoted to the most strenuous regimen of travel and study. In addition to private tutors and Oxford studies, he spent years in systematic traveling in search of everything beautiful in nature or in art. Yet in later years he wrote: "All that I have taught of art, everything that I have written, every greatness that there has been in any thought of mine, whatever I have done in my life, has been simply due to the fact that when I was a child my mother daily read with me a part of the Bible, and daily made me learn a part of it by heart."

*With our whole hearts do we seek Thee, Lord: O let us not wander from Thy commandments. Amen.*

## Friday, May 6

READ MATTHEW 5:6, 7

*How cold a visage Righteousness may wear.*

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

ON THE MOUNT, when Jesus had said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness," he added immediately, "Blessed are the merciful." As Dr. E. Stanley Jones has observed, "Most righteous people are not merciful toward the failings and shortcomings of others. Their very passion for righteousness makes them hard." However, nothing is more beautiful than the countenance of righteousness when there glistens upon it the tear of mercy.

*Save us, Lord, from the hardness of righteousness without mercy, and from the mushiness of mercy without righteousness. Amen.*

## Saturday, May 7

READ ACTS 20:35

*It is in loving, not in being loved, the heart finds its quest; it is in giving, not in getting, our lives are blest.*

—ANON

TO RECEIVE is blessed. A college freshman, having received his first check from home, presented it at a bank to be cashed. The teller explained that it must be indorsed. He wrote on the back, "I heartily indorse the sentiments herein expressed." Who would not? But pleasant as it is to receive, to give is a happier privilege. Happiness and generosity are inseparable.

*O Thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, we thank Thee for the pleasure of receiving, and for the greater joys that come through giving for love's sake. Amen.*

## Sunday, May 8

READ JOHN 11:35

JOSEPH DE VEUSTER, now known to the world as Father Damien, went as a missionary to the Pacific islands, taking the place of his sick brother. Seeing the sad condition of the lepers on Molokai Island, he volunteered to take spiritual charge of the settlement. He worked to improve the water-supply, dwellings, and food there. It is said that he first realized that he was a victim of leprosy when he inadvertently thrust his hand into hot water, and felt

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no pain. But his heart never became sick enough to be insensitive to the sufferings of those around him.

*O Thou sensitive Christ, keep our hearts healthy, that they may feel the pain of the hurt of every brother.*

**Monday, May 9**

READ ROMANS 15:2

*And though my neighbor's house is not like mine, I would not pull it down!*

—MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY

THE ANSWERS to three questions should guide me in my efforts to help another. First, what does he want? "Let every one of us please his neighbor." Second, what does he need? "For his good." It is not my duty to please my neighbor with that which will harm him. The third question: What will make him and all concerned finer persons? "For edification," Paul adds to his admonition.

*Teach us, Father of us all, how to help our neighbors to get the things they want which are good for them, and to do it in such a way that we shall all be better Christians. Amen.*

**Tuesday, May 10**

READ PROVERBS 31:11

*Love still retains some deathless chains that bind the heart to home.*

—CHARLES JEFFERYS

CARL JUNG, the famous psychologist, observed that all married people wear chains. Someone asked Dr. Albert E. Wiggam for his thought on that statement. "Certainly, they do," he replied, "I've been wearing them for years and I give Dr. Jung prolonged applause. People get married because they want to wear a lot of chains . . . chains that bind them together happily in their struggles to solve the problems of life." To our dear ones here, and to Christ, we delight to be "together linked with adamant chains."

*Grateful for the strong ties of love that bind us to our dear ones and to Thee, blessed Lord, we desire no release from them, but that they may stronger grow. Amen.*

**Wednesday, May 11**

READ GALATIANS 6:2

*O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother; where pity dwells, the peace of God is there.*

—WHITTIER

MAN is a burden-bearing animal. Some of his burdens are the result of his folly, some of his circumstances, and some are voluntarily assumed. "Bear ye one another's burdens," says the apostle, "and so fulfil the law of Christ." The law of Christ is to love, and one cannot love a burdened soul without sharing his burden.

*O Thou who didst bear a cross for*

*me, fill my heart with a love like Thine. Make me willing to suffer that my brother's load may be a little lighter.*

**Thursday, May 12**

READ JOHN 20:11

*But happiness were flabby flesh if it should lack the bones of sorrow.*

—ERNESTINE MERCER

A WOMAN who, after the death of her husband, is trying to get away from her sorrow by chasing pleasure, says, "I think the best thing to do with sorrow is to forget as quickly and completely as possible." But life is not that shallow. Sorrow is as important a part of it as happiness. The things we suffer are as necessary to give depth and meaning to life as the things at which we laugh. Loving greatly and caring deeply give poignancy to grief, and one cannot be surrendered without giving up the other.

*We thank Thee, dear Man of Sorrows, that we care enough to sorrow for even the temporary separation from our loved ones. Amen.*

**Friday, May 13**

READ ISAIAH 22:1

*But, oh, the things I learned from her when Sorrow walked with me!*

—ROBERT B. HAMILTON

MOUNTAIN TOPS are the places from which one expects to see landscapes and heavenly things. Why, then, does Isaiah speak of "the valley of vision?" It seems strange. Yet is it not true that our most significant visions have come when we were brought low? We have seen God and the things He would show us most clearly when we walked through dark valleys.

*O Thou who didst make our eyes and our hearts, teach us to see the things that can be discerned only from the vantage point of the deep valley.*

**Saturday, May 14**

READ JOHN 11:33

MARTHA, the friend of Jesus, did the same thing when bereavement came that her neighbors did: she was wailing. When Jesus saw them, he groaned in the spirit. Friendship with Jesus ought to make a difference in our conduct, and nowhere more than in times of grief. Love will shed tears because of the separation from a dear one, but that is quite different from the desperate wails of those who have no hope.

*Thou who hast conquered death, forgive if we in mourning have denied our faith. Give us a little foretaste of heaven by wiping away our tears. Amen.*

**Sunday, May 15**

READ II CORINTHIANS 1:5

*Christ leads through no darker rooms than He went through before.*

—RICHARD BAXTER



MISERY, we are told, loves company. Certainly those who suffer find solace in the fellowship of others who have had similar experiences. One who is passing through sorrow now, wrote to a friend who is in the same trouble: "I feel that we are walking this way together. Although we are far apart, it seems that I can reach out in the dark and touch your bowed shoulder." The New Testament Christians felt that Christ could better comfort His troubled followers because He had suffered. In our darkness, we can reach out and touch Him. His shoulder is bowed under a cross, and His hands are torn.

*Blessed Saviour, may everything we suffer bring us into closer fellowship with Thee. Amen.*

#### Monday, May 16

READ JOHN 11:24, 25

*There is no death! What seems so is transition.*

—LONGFELLOW

MARTHA had a faith in life beyond the grave, but it was a far away faith. "He shall rise again . . . at the last day." She did not see that the Lord of the Resurrection was there, and an immediate victory over death possible. Our faith is frequently a far away thing, and we fail to realize that eternal life is here and now. The Lord of the Resurrection bends low and talks with us. If He be with us, we need not fear what life or death may bring.

*We confess, Father, that through our fault Thou hast seemed to us an absentee God and our salvation, far off. In loving trust we would draw very close to Thee now through Jesus Christ.*

#### Tuesday, May 17

READ JOHN 11:33

*They shall go forth with calm, untroubled eyes, like children hastening to a glad surprise.*

—HELEN FRAZEE-BOWER

SWEETHEARTS after almost thirty years of married life, Jane and John were completely devoted to each other, and both were radiant Christians. On Easter morning John suffered a heart attack, and almost in an instant he was gone. When the pastor arrived, Jane's face was almost glowing. "For him it is the loveliest Easter ever," she said. "For a week I have been studying the resurrection story to teach my Sunday-school class. And now John and I are living it."

*Lord of Life, who hast said, "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die," we pray for all of Thy bereaved children that they may rejoice in hope.*

#### Wednesday, May 18

READ GALATIANS 6:5

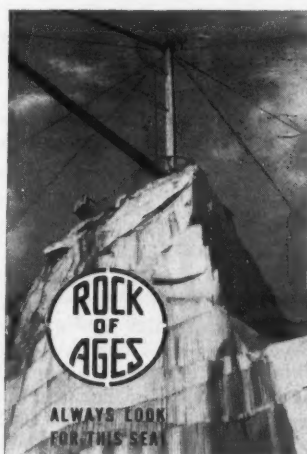
TWO VERSES in the sixth chapter of Galatians seem to contradict each other. One says, "Bear ye one another's bur-



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dens." The other, "Every man shall bear his own burden." But the two Greek words translated "burden" are not identical. The first means "heaviness, trouble," and that is what we must share. The second means "assigned cargo," or as Moffatt translates it, "load of responsibility." No one can shift his responsibilities to another. Each must do his own work and be accountable for his own acts.

*Sovereign God, who hast made us capable of facing duty and assuming responsibility, grant us courage and strength to be faithful to them. Amen.*

### Thursday, May 19

READ MATTHEW 27:40

*Let me not beg for the stilling of my pain but for the heart to conquer it. —R. TAGORE*

THE TAUNT of the tormentors, "Come down from the cross," was not new to Jesus. In the wilderness He was tempted to take an easier way. Those who would have made Him their king offered a happier alternative. In Gethsemane He faced the same choice. The suffering thief begged Him to renounce crucifixion. Who is there who bears a painful load for the sake of someone else without sometimes hearing a voice say, "If you were really strong, you would come down from that cross?" Jesus had already answered, "For this cause came I unto this hour."

*Our prayer today, Christ of Calvary, is for all courageous souls who for love's sake suffer hardships. May they have fellowship with Thee. Amen.*

### Friday, May 20

READ LUKE 14:28

JESUS WARNED that before embarking on His way of life, one should count the cost and be willing to pay the price. It is no small transaction. But the calculations may well include the infinitely greater cost of wrong living. The most expensive thing in the world is sin, and the price is paid in money, time, lost effectiveness, misery and pain, remorse, and wasted energies. We pay for it in time and in eternity.

*O Thou who dost offer us life freely, save us from the folly of spending our resources for that which is not wealth and satisfieth not. Amen.*

### Saturday, May 21

READ I PETER 5:7

WHAT SHOULD a Christian do with his troubles? Paul tells us, "Bear ye one another's burdens," and in another place, "Every man shall bear his own burden." Now Peter says, "Casting all your care upon Him." The clue is in the three Greek words translated variously "burden" and "care." The burdens we must share are our troubles. The bur-

den each must bear for himself is his load of responsibility, his duty. But the noun Peter uses is from a verb meaning "to be anxious; to be troubled with cares." It refers particularly to anxiety about things pertaining to this earthly life. Those we leave in the Father's hands.

*Teach us, Master, to help others with their burdens, to do our tasks faithfully, and not to worry. So may we honor Jesus. Amen.*

### Sunday, May 22

READ ZECHARIAH 4:6

WILLIAM RUFUS, king of England, during the 11th Century, stood one day on the cliffs of Wales looking toward Ireland. Those standing by heard him say, "For the conquest of that land I will gather together all the ships of my kingdom and make of them a bridge to cross over." The story was reported to the King of Leinster, who asked, "After so great a threat did the king add, 'If the Lord will?'" Assured that Rufus had used no such phrase, the monarch of Leinster said, "Since he trusts to do this by human power, not divine, I need not greatly dread his coming."

*God of the nations, against whose righteous will empires beat themselves to pieces, we pray for the leaders of governments today that they may be led of Thee. Amen.*

### Monday, May 23

READ ISAIAH 44:20

*See, Lord, how men are bitter and unsouled.*

—J. C. E. HOPKINS

THE IDOL WORSHIPER, whom Isaiah described as making his god and worshipping it, was deceiving himself. But the same is true of all who make anything else than God their chief aim and joy. Any life that substantially ignores God is empty of all true satisfaction: "He feedeth on ashes." Usually it is tragically unaware of its own emptiness: "A deceived heart hath turned him aside." And always it requires help from without to free it: "He cannot deliver his soul." Only God's power can bring deliverance to such a life.

*We pray, O Thou true and living God, for the idol worshipers of the world, who, deceived, feed on ashes, and cannot free themselves. May Thy saving power deliver them. Amen.*

### Tuesday, May 24

READ JOHN 6:37

*For Thou wert long beforehand with my soul, always Thou lovedst me.* —ANON

NO ONE who ever sought Jesus was turned away. The children brought by their parents for a blessing seemed to the disciples too small for attention, but the arms of the Master were open to them. The woman in grief for her

# Can I Be Your Little Child?

**W**ILL YOU hear my prayers and give me a place in your heart? I am an orphan—a little child without a home and I need you! You can give me a home and be my foster parent without any of the care and responsibility that goes with adopting a child. Others with experience will assume that responsibility for you. You can let me stay right here in my native land and still be my mother or father.

There are good, Christian people of your land who keep a home in China for children like me. I can grow up in the way they have taught many of my people to live. And they want to let me live in their lovely home, but there are fifty children just like me. Every one of them has lost parents and home. Every one of them knows the hunger and the fright that I know. A little child cannot be alone and not be scared. I am sure you know that.

We have all had our pictures taken and if you "adopt" me I will send you my picture and write you a letter. We



can write to each other all through the years you are my foster parent. Would you not like to watch me grow—right?

It would be wonderful to have you as a parent, to know that tomorrow morning, and every morning, I would wake up in my own little bed, in a nice warm house and, when the bell rang, I would join the other children and we would all have breakfast together. Then maybe we would go to school or play games or learn something to make us good men and women. Instead, my brother and I have been hiding most of the time. We do not dare try to find something to eat until it is dark, and even then we are scared.

One night, a man snatched a bone out of my hand and I yelled so loud the police ran after me. But that was a lucky night for my brother and me—that is how the kind lady found us. She said she had so many children she did not know what to do, but she would ask you to take care of me. Will you take care of me? Can I be your child?

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For many years Christian Herald has had an orphanage in Foochow, China; many American men and women have "adopted" homeless Chinese children. At our Foochow Home we have places for fifty more children. While food and living costs of every kind continue high, our American dollar still can work wonders for a little child who has nothing. For ten dollars a month, one hundred and twenty dollars a year, we can give a child everything he or she needs, adding the love and care of good faithful Christian men and women who serve them with their lives.

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daughter was disturbing, but He received and blessed her. The Greeks came hesitantly, doubting the possibility of actually seeing Jesus, but He was thrilled at the sight of them. Whether sick, blind, maimed, devil-possessed or conscience-torn, all who sought Him found Him. Some turned away from Jesus, but He turned away from no one.

*O Thou always accessible Christ, receive us, with all our unlovely traits, and give us the blessings we need.*

#### Wednesday, May 25

READ ACTS 2:12

*Cherish your doubts, for doubt is the handmaiden of truth.* —ROBERT WESTON

AT PENTECOST those who learned to believe had to learn first to doubt. "And they were all amazed, and were in doubt." They had been sure of themselves, but when their beliefs were challenged by a new gospel, they turned critically on their former faith. Some did not doubt. But the receptive minds were those that doubted. Had Saul of Tarsus not doubted his former faith, he would not have been converted. Had Nicodemus not doubted the old law, he would not have come to Jesus. We need to learn to doubt some of the shibboleths of our day.

*Master, teach us to be honest doubters of that which needs criticism and unreserved in our commitment to that which we believe. Amen.*

#### Thursday, May 26

READ EPHESIANS 4:25

FREUD is the great modern exposé of self-deceit as man's commonest and stupidest sin, if not his only sin. Dr. Richard C. Cabot published an excellent book in 1938 called "Honesty." In it he says, "Lying is the king of vices. Almost all man's disgraces are instrumented by deceit." On the other hand he declares, "Honesty, then, is the king of all virtues." He who is basically dishonest is capable of any wrong, but one who is scrupulously honest has the essential foundation for building the finest character.

*O Thou who canst not lie, we do not believe Thou dost want us to lie. Help us to think and speak truth. Amen.*

#### Friday, May 27

READ MATTHEW 7:26

*What if I go not there to seek the truth of which I glibly speak?*

—MAUD FRAZER JACKSON

A BOOKLET on termite control was prepared by an American university several years ago. It contained detailed instructions for destroying termites and preventing loss from their depredations. The booklets were printed and stored. After some months a request came for a quantity of them for distribution.

Then it was discovered that most of them were useless, destroyed by termites! In the Bible we have the guidance needed to keep ourselves sound spiritually. Unread and unheeded, it cannot help us.

*O Thou great Teacher of the truth, we open our hearts to Thine instruction. Make us diligent in following Thy guidance. Amen.*

#### Saturday, May 28

READ JOHN 1:3

*The truth is one and incapable of contradiction.* —W. H. AUDEN

THE SAME GOD who is revealed to us in the Bible created the world. He who formed our bodies breathed into them the breath of life. "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made." The Bible is to us a sacred Book, because in it we learn of God. For the same reason, geology, astronomy, physics, chemistry and biology are sacred matters, and ought to be studied reverently. I treasure a letter written by my father, now with the Lord. I also cherish articles that he made for me.

*Teach us, Lord, to deem all things sacred as being created by Him who is revealed to us in Jesus. Amen.*

#### Sunday, May 29

READ ACTS 1:8

JESUS INTENDED that His life should spread throughout the world simply by those who have it, sharing it with those who have it not. "Ye shall receive power . . . and ye shall be witnesses." Witnessing must follow after receiving the power. It cannot go before. He who has an overflowing spiritual life will share it, and he who lives in spiritual poverty has nothing to share. The disciples tarried until God filled them; then they overflowed on others.

*O Thou who didst come that we might have life, forgive us for living so skimpily when we might have life abundant. Amen.*

#### Monday, May 30

READ JAMES 2:18

*Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed.* —BONAR

A MOTORIST on a country road asked a boy for directions to a neighbor's home. "When you get to the crossroads," replied the lad, "turn left." But he gestured to the right. The inquirer noted the difference, but without mentioning it, went confidently on and turned correctly, to the right. His companion asked how he was sure. "When what we say and what we do disagree," he replied, "we mean what we do." As James put it, "I will show you my faith by my works."

*Remind us, Master, of the inconsistencies between our beliefs and our practices, for with Thy help, we would live our Christian faith. Amen.*

**Tuesday, May 31**

READ ACTS 9:26

NEWLY CONVERTED, Saul of Tarsus returned to Jerusalem, and his first act was to assay to join himself to the disciples. He needed them. Within the church he could make his influence count for Christ, find opportunities to serve, enjoy Christian fellowship, share in group worship, and avoid the embarrassment of being falsely identified. The same considerations should move every Christian to invest his life in Christ's kingdom through a local church.

*We pray Thy benediction, Lord, upon the little colonies of heaven called churches, where groups of Thy children together share Thy life. Amen.*

#### CHILDREN'S HOUR

(Continued from page 35)

trap on the floor. Our church has adopted a new church-school curricula with manuals for parents to help their children in studying the week's lesson; these we use to good advantage.

At times I have purposely introduced a thought from a poem or a story at the table—one I wish to read to them later because they love to be read to; they are loathe to have me put the book down. Again, we'll take turns reading after I've carefully read Donnie some stories of his own so he will not feel neglected.

Sometimes we play a game or listen as Bill and Margot play their newest selections on the piano. When summer comes, we shall fish, garden, or picnic together.

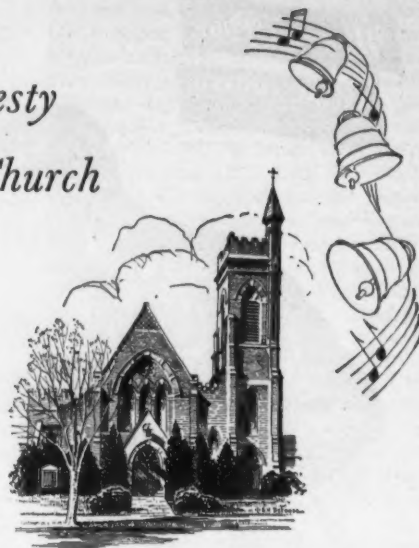
At 7:30 each of us is free to do as he pleases for the remainder of the evening. Donnie goes to bed and more and more the rest of us spend the evening together. My helper stays on if we are going out for the evening; otherwise, she is free when the dinner work is finished.

Saturday and Sunday are company days. We invite our friends, or Sue, Bill or Margot may have their own guests to dine with us, provided they make complete arrangements with me sometime ahead. If we are crowded, we serve buffet style or use card tables in the living rooms. When one of the three is invited out in turn, I notice the other two are very swift to think it an opportune time to invite their own pals.

Sundays we eat lunch after morning church service and have our dinner in the evening. The children help me with this as my helper is free for the day. More than ever they realize this is their home and their friends are welcome here.

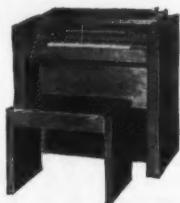
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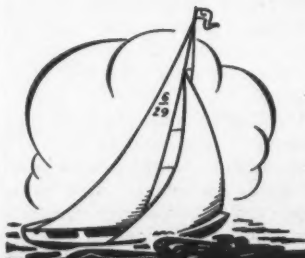
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## *"For Mother... with Love"*

Here are some new angles for your May mother-and-daughter function

**W**ITH Mother's Day on May 8th and National Baby Week the first part of the month, church groups usually plan a mother-and-daughter function for this season. As May after May comes up, the program chairman may wonder just what she can suggest this year that will be different. We hope these ideas will give her new angles for fun and fellowship.

Speaking as both a mother and daughter, the best stunt of all, if it can be managed, is to have the men take charge of the dinner all by themselves. It's amazing what a good meal they will turn out when left alone in the kitchen. Indeed, the extravagant praise heaped upon the chefs and waiters in one

church, turned a dubious experiment into a keenly anticipated annual affair. Another way to keep Mother out of the kitchen is for the daughters to bring a box supper for two, and exchange with another family. Or each daughter could prepare something for a covered-dish supper.

About half an hour before the dining-room doors are scheduled to open, the daughters gather around a table piled with all kinds of "fixings" and "junk." Each girl selects whatever materials strike her fancy, and fashions a millinery creation for her mother to wear throughout the evening. You might award a prize for the hat voted the prettiest, the funniest, the most practical, the most

original. Among the selection of "millinery supplies" include some old hats—men's, woman's and children's—with all the trimming removed, assorted crepe-paper, paper napkins, dish cloths and towels, bits of ribbon, feathers, flowers, ribbon and tape, miscellaneous hardware and stationery supplies, small brushes, bottle caps, bandage, paper bags, colored straws, carrot tops, scraps of material, milk bottle cap wires. Practically anything will do and don't forget the tools needed for assembling the models, such as paste, glue, elastics, paper clips, pins, scotch tape, adhesive tape, etc. A fashion parade of mothers around the dining room is a necessity so that all may enjoy the display.



The tables could be decorated to resemble packages. First, cover each table with a solid-colored paper cloth or white sheet, then fasten a piece of colored crepe-paper ribbon underneath the table at the center of each side, and bring the four pieces together on top to form an enormous bow in the center. Out of the folds of this bow, stick little corsages of fresh flowers tied with ribbons—one for each mother.

Plan on a few games and songs during dinner to add to the gay spirit. Try a bean relay, for instance. Each person has an empty paper cup and a paper straw. The person at the head of the table has six dried beans in her cup. At the signal, she picks up the beans one at a time by inhaling through the straw, then blowing the bean into the next person's cup. The table which passes all the beans around back to the head wins. It sounds very easy, but the contestants find that they must keep a straight face and not laugh when they plan to inhale and exhale for a purpose. Another stunt is for the daughters at each table to create and recite a four-line verse in honor of the occasion. A tricky quiz game is called Relations, and everyone can participate at once. A slip of paper and a pencil is passed to one person at each table. Each group tries to figure the answers to the following questions and write down the answers in an allotted time. A prize

would be appropriate here too. Here are the questions:

What relation are the following: 1. Your mother's, mother's son's son? (first cousin). 2. Your mother's aunt's brother's wife? (great aunt). 3. Your aunt's father's only granddaughter? (yourself). 4. Your nephew's father's father's wife? (mother). 5. Your sister's son's brother's father? (brother-in-law). 6. Your uncle's father's father's wife? (great-grandmother).

After the meal, while the men are washing the dishes, you might have an old-fashioned sing, or spelling bee with mothers against daughters, or show movies with words and music arranged for group singing. Perhaps the kitchen slaves would be able to join in before the evening is entirely over.

As to the food, let the men plan and prepare their own idea of a good dinner. However, in case they need recipes for cooking in large quantity, here is a list of some of the available booklets and books with such recipes. Those of you who have written for large-quantity recipes, please take note: direct your request directly to the company. Most of the booklets are free or available at nominal cost. The books, however, are of various prices. Ask your local bookstore to find out for you, or look them up in your public library.

Booklets: *Favorite Recipes for Country Kitchens*, by General Foods, 250

Park Ave., New York City; *Bananas, Recipes and Information*, Institutional Div., Home Economics Dept., Fruit Dispatch Co., Pier 3, North River, New York City; *Quantity Recipes from the Kitchen*, Standard Brands, Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York City; *Quantity Cooking for 50*, 4c from Washington Service Bureau, 1013 13th St., Washington, D. C.; *Recipes for the Use of Canned Foods in Cafeterias and Restaurants* by National Canners Assn., Washington, D. C.; *Large Quantity Bread Recipes*, 25c from Wheat Flour Institute, 309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago; *Quantity Recipes*, (25c) and *Attention Food Managers* (12c) from National Dairy Council, 111 N. Canal St., Chicago 6; *Quantity Recipes for 25 to 50*, from Evaporated Milk Assn., 307 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago; *Meals for Many, for School, Camp and Community*, (75c) New York State College of Home Economics, Ithaca, N. Y.

Some of the books available are: *Manual for Managers of Rural and other Small School Lunchrooms*, Ohio Dietetic Association, Versailles Publishing Co., Versailles, Ohio; *Quantity Cooking*, by Treat and Richards (Little Brown); *Cooking for Profit*, by Bradley (Chicago American School of Home Economics); *Food for 50*, by Fowler and West (John Wiley and Sons); *How to Cook for Profit*, by Gray and de lo Padua (Greenberg).

## NEEDLEWORK: IT'S FUN, IT ALSO CAN BE PROFITABLE, SAYS THIS EXPERT

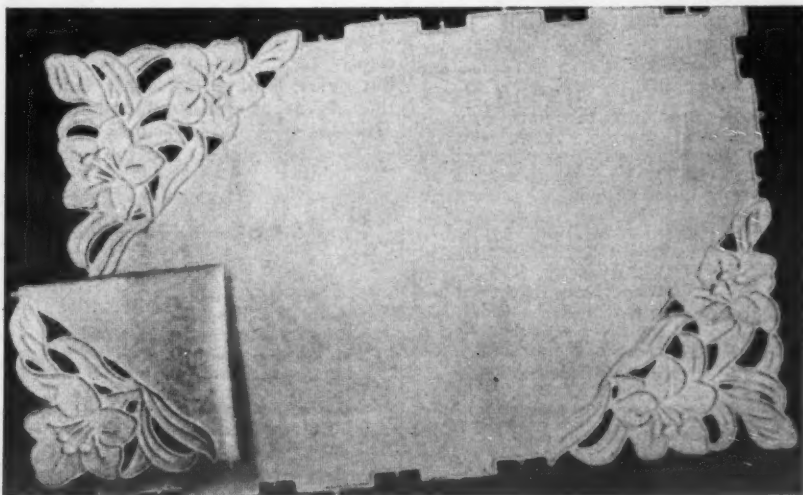


Miss Margaret Techy at work on her frame. Her life has been devoted to studying and creating all types of needlework. At right is one of her original creations: a lily design in cutwork embroidery. The pattern has been made without the usual intricate "bridges" to hold the parts together.

OUR guest expert this month will be a special treat for the many readers who want to keep their fingers busy and perhaps profitably employed. If you would like needlework for your hobby, or as a source of pin money for yourself or your church group, you will find Miss Margaret Techy's ideas most interesting and stimulating. Her forte is

enriching the practical forms of needlework popular in our country with the skill and artistry of one who loves the work for its own sake.

Miss Techy's life has been devoted to studying and creating all types of needlework. This subject was an important part of her girlhood education in Hungary, and her most enjoyable



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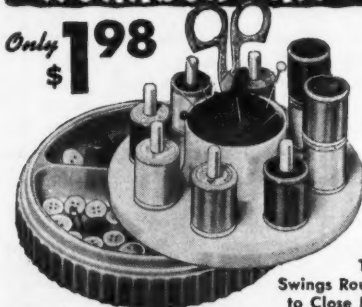
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study. Special courses at the Royal School of Needlework in London and the Cleveland School of Art added to her specialized skill. She has pursued her specialty during her nineteen years in America as writer, lecturer, designer, and teacher, first in the Cleveland School of Art and Cleveland College, and at present at Hunter College in New York City. She is a co-founder of the Needlecraft Guild of Cleveland which fostered the National Needlecraft Guild. She has frequently won awards from the Cleveland Museum of Art for her entries in the annual exhibitions of works of Cleveland artists and craftsmen. Thousands of women, and men too, have followed her daily column on needlework in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Miss Techy exchanges many letters with her readers who seek her advice on technical points. She often hears from her protégées who have made needlework a profitable hobby, some even a main source of support.

Brought up in a time and place where nimble fingers created the lovely things women wished for themselves and their homes, she feels that much of the present needlework is too limited in scope. "Most women," Miss Techy says, "are frankly amazed when they see some of the modern pieces I have designed and made with types of work not usually done in this country. Just a few women have cherished the skill of their ancestors and taken pride in really fine individual pieces of needlework."

Broaden your needlework horizon is her advice, don't confine your work to a few basic forms. There is a tremendous field of expression, she feels, for the artist and designer, as well as the needlewoman herself. Embroidery, knitting, crocheting, quilting, hooking, appliqué, cutwork, needlepoint, hem-stitching—these are some of the main divisions, each with a wide choice of stitches, making possible an infinite variety of designs. When you have needlework for a hobby, you find yourself in good company. Penelope, wife of Ulysses, whose web of cloth has become the symbol of something constantly in the process of construction but never finished, gave her name to the canvas used as a foundation for needlepoint and cross-stitch. Needlework of both nobles and peasants was

the true expression of different periods of history, Miss Techy points out. The history and description of rare pieces such as the Bayeux tapestry made in 1066, Charlemagne's Dalmatic, his robe of state, the coronation mantle of Hungary, or an embroidery by Queen Elizabeth made when she was a princess for Queen Katharine Parr—these, and much else like it, make interesting conversation as well as fascinating patterns to adapt for your own work.

You can actually copy parts of famous classical patterns if you wish, or create your own original designs. Use your needlework pieces for gifts, for the bazaar, for gift shops and department stores; start a gift shop in your own church or make special items to order. There is always a market for fine needlework, Miss Techy told me, because there just isn't very much of it. Anything you make will take time, so why not spend that same amount of time making something really fine? As much as you may enjoy keeping your hands busy, consider how much greater your satisfaction in your accomplishment will be to have a lovely piece of needlework when you are through.

Miss Techy suggests a way to make money on your needlework and keep it at the same time! Enter your best pieces in county and state fairs. Be sure to comply with the rules for entering articles, and study the list of classifications. Naturally you will have more chance of winning if you can enter articles in several separate classes than to put all your work in the same class.

She also has some tips for selling your ready-made needlework. Make only those things which you are certain your friends, neighbors, church or club members can use and usually buy. Use your originality and the inspiration of the past in the colors and designs you choose to make your work interesting and out of the ordinary. Don't make articles that require a great deal of time or expensive material not in keeping with their value as a finished product or their life expectancy. Large pieces, as a rule, are more difficult to sell than small ones: mittens, gloves, glass jackets, baby things and all kinds of table linens and lingerie pieces. If you want to take orders, it would be very helpful as well as good salesmanship, to have swatches made up show-

## Large Quantity Recipe File

### FROZEN SUCKERS

Mix well together 2 cups (4 small jars or cans, 4½ oz., strained baby fruit or 2 large jars, 7½ oz., chopped baby fruit), one cup orange juice, and 2 tablespoons sugar. Turn into ice-cube tray, using dividers. Freeze at coldest temperature. When partially frozen, insert wooden or paper spoons upright in center of each cube. Freeze until firm. Makes 14 servings, using a tray of 14 cubes, 1½ inches square. Good fruits available in baby-food-size jars include applesauce, apricot-applesauce, peaches, pears, pear-pineapple. These suckers would be good for a Sunday-school party or teen-age get-together.

ing the colors available, samples of the stitch used, or even the item itself done in miniature.

A church group might make layettes to order, for instance, each woman preparing her own specialty, one doing booties, another mittens, another embroidering the dresses that another has made, etc. One of the ways to attain speed in needlework, Miss Techy reminds us, is to make the same thing over and over. When you plan to make dozens of a particular item for sale, see if you can buy the material at wholesale price, since you will be buying in quantity. It will be cheaper and therefore more profitable than for each person to get her own.

Another suggestion from Miss Techy is to consider the different uses to which your piece of work may be adapted. For instance, the lovely design for a needlepoint top for a footstool or doorstop could be used equally well for a handbag, a chair seat, pillow top, book ends, etc. The pattern is simple to follow with detailed diagram and color key. The pattern sheet also contains directions for the necessary sizing of the piece of needlepoint to bring the canvas back to its original shape.

For those who would like to learn more about needlepoint, Miss Techy offers "Needlepoint Primer," originally printed for the Needlecraft Guild. Illustrated with photographs and diagrams, it briefly covers the origin of needlepoint, characteristics of the popular tapestry designs, the differences between gros, petit, and needlepoint, how to prepare your own designs for needlepoint or cross-stitch patterns, reduce or enlarge designs, exactly how to do the various stitches and how to mount a needlepoint piece as a handbag. For this eight-page leaflet and a stool-cover pattern, send a quarter with your request on the coupon, page 48.

Miss Techy has also created the design, illustrated, for cutwork embroidery. This design is suitable for an oblong plate doily, luncheon cloth, napkins or guest towels. The pattern has been made without the usual intricate "bridges" that hold the parts together in cutwork. This makes the pattern easier to do, and the finished work more durable. Use fine material for this piece, because people appreciate and are willing to pay for fine workmanship in table linen, and they want it to last for several generations. For de-

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tailed directions for this lily design cutwork embroidery, and a full-size illustration of the pattern, send 10 cents with your request on the coupon.

## PIN MONEY PLANS

**I**F your group is looking for a short skit to produce as part of a money-making evening, consider "The First Annual Meeting of the Futility Council of the Benighted Nations." With few rehearsals, improvised costumes, practically no stage props, and missing members of the cast, you can put on this show very successfully. I saw it done under just those circumstances. It's topical, it's unusual and just as much fun for the participants as the audience. Even the latter were made to feel part of the show. A name tag was pinned on everyone who came, diplomatic style, red seal with white center and a blue ribbon. It was all made with colored construction paper and white paper circles. Each person was issued a piece of paper stamped **PASS TO VISITOR'S GALLERY** and a copy of the program of the evening, listing the eleven delegates to the Futility Council, among them the Lady from Zanzibar, the Gentleman from Limerick, the Lady from Walla Walla, and the Gentleman from Muscovia, who naturally vetoed everything. Of course there was an official secretary and an official interpreter, of English into Chinese. On the agenda, was the Roll Call, the National Anthem of the Congo, and four resolutions seriously considered by the council members.

The final and funniest one, I thought, was proposed by the Gentleman from the Congo in a Swedish accent, relative to the crisis on the Island of Malarky. It seemed that this island, a

## FAIR CHANCE

(Continued from page 26)

trickery consists of a ratchet mechanism which may be set for a new position by spinning the wheel backwards. Where it stops—there'll be your next winner. No wonder basic advice to the lamb venturing into the grifter's domain is: "Don't watch the game; watch what the operator is doing with his hands, feet, arms, shoulders, and even his mid-section!" A hidden control may be so located that he can actuate it with almost any part of his anatomy.

In some crooked roulette wheels, tiny needles push up through the cloth covering the wheel just enough to deflect the ball into a losing pocket. These needles may be advanced or retracted according to the operator's wishes. The ball itself may be magnetized, or there may be a lever-actuated mechanism that will raise or lower a "knock-off" that will throw it into either red or black, as the operator may desire.

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- ☐ Lily design for cutwork (10¢).
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Please enclose large, self-addressed, stamped envelope for prompt reply.

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mile long north and south, and a quarter mile east and west, is in a constant state of turmoil because the international date line runs right down through the middle of it. The inhabitants can never agree on what day it is, yesterday, or today, or tomorrow. For the people who live right on the date line, it's today, but on the east side it's tomorrow on the west side, and on the west side it's yesterday on the east side, etc. You can see the possibilities. The delegate proposed a resolution that the international date line be bent just a little to run around the Island of Malarky! Of course, after all remarks the interpreter translated them into the Chinese—or so he said. At the end of the business session, the results of the council's deliberations were just what might have been expected—futile.

If you would like a copy of the full script including a drawing of the program used, name tag and visitors' pass, please send fifty cents with your request on the coupon.

As we pursue our tour, motivated by the desire to investigate rather than gamble, we soon learn that some wheels may be stopped on either "odd" or "even" numbers at will. How is that done? On the rim is a flexible paddle, which flicks along a circle of pins as the wheel turns, making a sound like a small boy dragging a stick along a picket fence. But in this setup, each pin has a bend away from the paddle somewhere along its length. Alternate pins have this bend at top, then bottom, then top, and so on. Thus, when the wheel is set one way, the paddle will stop only in odd-numbered spaces, while if its axis is shifted upward or outward slightly, an even-numbered space must win.

While many games are rigged by their operators, lots of others are built crooked and even advertised as such. One catalogue I have seen, put out by one of the many manufacturers of gambling equipment, blandly reassures prospective purchasers that the "house"

may be sure to win, provided its equipment is used.

Referring to an "Honest John Drop Case," the prospectus says confidently, "This is a practical outfit in every respect. *Can also be set fair.*"

We meet one of these on the midway. We find them to be small games which are built into boxes of suitcase size. They are easy to carry, and one side of the case drops down to permit play. The "Honest John Drop Case" usually has a vertical back panel, down which balls are rolled past staggered rows of pins, landing at the bottom in numbered pockets. "Honest John" may be made dishonest in various ways. The pins can be arranged so that the ball will be guided to certain spaces, and miss others. There may be a slide in the bottom of the case, which will shift the position of the outlet holes. Bellows or magnets may deflect the balls, or there may be an adjustable "knock-off."

All gravity ball games, up to and including the big "ski-roll," may be rigged easily.

**B**Y THIS time in our tour, you doubtless want to ask: "What chance do I have against machinery such as this?" The answer?—None whatever!

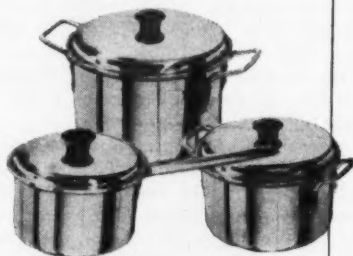
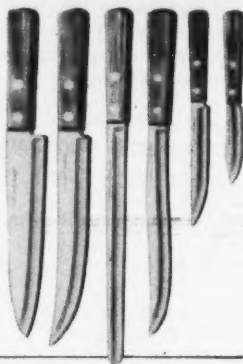
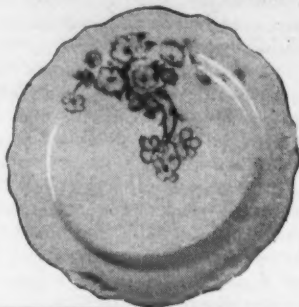
Many people entertain the delusion that slot-machines and pinball machines offer a reasonably fair chance of winning now and then if they have been checked and "set" in the presence of the local sponsoring committee or authorities prior to being put into play. "They're not so easy to tamper with," these people think.

Not so. Many of these machines may be reset in a matter of seconds, either by the shifting of "slugs" or by switch-overs in the electrical circuits. In a December 17, 1941 report by William B. Hulands, Commissioner of Investigations for the City of New York, this point was made abundantly clear concerning pinball machines: "In all cases, the electrical wiring system of the machines may readily be adjusted by merely inserting or removing a series of plugs."

So don't count on getting fair play from a gambling machine just because it was recently inspected and okayed!

No wonder the motto earned by the "Honest John Drop Case": "The more you drop down, the less you pick up!" is often equally applicable to many other games.

Some carnival favorites are hoary with age, yet they still garner heavy money from the victims. Most famous perhaps is the familiar "Shell Game" or "Thimblig." You merely have to guess correctly under which of three walnut shells or thimbles the manipulator has placed a small pellet, called the "pea." If you fall for this one you will surely lose, since the pea will not be under any of the shells; instead, it will either be between the grifter's



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fingers or lying on the ground, where it was adroitly flicked.

Want to bet on the fall of a coin? Then bear in mind that it may be "heads" or "tails" on both sides, or it may be beveled on an edge so it will always fall the same way when spun. Some coins are beveled both ways, on opposite sides of the circumference—and remember, the sharper always has an honest coin handy for your inspection should you challenge him.

We had better avoid all games employing cards. They can be sheer murder for the unwary. You may be up against a marked deck, sleight-of-hand, secret signals, kibitzers or onlookers who are actually confederates of the sharps, mechanical "holdouts" which flick cards up a sleeve or under a table with the greatest of ease—any or all of these in a single game. You might as well touch a match to your money.

Finally, if you are neatly shorn, you may not even be able to enjoy the consolation that your money was diverted to a good cause! There is plenty of

evidence that, in numberless instances, shows have rolled into town, done a roaring business for a few days, and gaily departed, leaving behind only a few dollars or maybe even an indebtedness for the sponsoring organization. Even though the show management is honest, it's often difficult to control the operators of the games. A smart grifter can steal from both the public and his boss, and many a midway deserves the label "Larceny Lane."

The best advice for anyone tempted to risk his money on any of the take-a-chance gadgets lining Larceny Lane is—*don't*. That goes for carnivals sponsored by "good causes" as well as for those operated independently. Gambling, however innocent it may seem, is no good for your purse, and worse for your character! And, from the larger view, you will thus avoid giving unconscious connivance, to say nothing of aid and comfort, to a racket that feeds upon the gambling habit—a habit that is a national disease draining billions from the American purse.

## THE RECTOR'S GARDEN

(Continued from page 19)

over about. I had word from Mrs. Bristo—she'll be in town early next month. We'll dedicate the rose garden then."

Mrs. Bristo is the widow of the rector who preceded Doane at St. Anne's. I didn't know her except by hearsay—and that was enough. I was constantly being told how "sweet" Mrs. Bristo was, how "efficient and untiring" in the work of the church, what a "gracious" hostess she was. If there was anyone I didn't want to see, it was Mrs. Bristo.

Now this complication about the rose garden! I sighed, and started to promise that Doane would remove the court forthwith, but caution restrained me. I've learned the hard way, not to make promises for Doane. So I said, "It's unfortunate—but wouldn't it be nicer to have the dedication next spring after the roses are planted? Maybe Mr. Cullom can find another place for the court by then."

"There's no need for it," she sniffed. "All the children of the parish play out at the country club. And there are at least two private courts. We have one."

"Those aren't parish children—" "So I noticed." She added, triumphantly, "It proves my point—the parish doesn't need a tennis court."

"But—those youngsters haven't any court. They're from across the tracks."

"Shouldn't be encouraged to come over here." She turned her gaze from the lively scene to me. "Mr. Cullom is hired to minister to the needs of St. Anne's parish."

I counted ten, slowly, but still my thoughts weren't anything a minister's

wife should think. I started a second ten.

"Where is the rector?" Mrs. Gower demanded. "In his study?"

"No. He—he's out."

Her lips thinned. "We're spoiled, I suppose. Dr. Bristo was always available. This time of day, he'd be working in the gardens—he kept them in wonderful order." She cast a disparaging glance about her.

"There's a perfectly gorgeous dahlia coming out," I said, hoping to divert her.

She didn't divert. "Haven't time for it. Tell Mr. Cullom the court will have to be removed right away." She marched off, and I looked after her, hating her for her rudeness, envying her the chic linen suit which was wasted on her rotund figure. Under my hate and envy was an icy trickle of apprehension as I thought of how Mrs. Gower's antagonism could jeopardize our security at St. Anne's. As if Doane hadn't imperiled it enough, with his indifference to their precious gardens. I stood in the voluptuous beauty of late-summer blossoms, and wished with all my heart that St. Anne's didn't have any gardens.

It had been three months before, when we had come to the parish—Doane's first charge—and the memorial gardens had been in spring flowering—forsythia, daphne, and the delightful fragrance of lilacs and hyacinths. I had said—and I remembered it now, bitterly—"Darling, I'll always be good here. I can't be mean nor little in the midst of all this beauty."

Doane's reply had been doubtful. "Most gardens have their serpents, Nancy."

We didn't know, then, what we had been learning ever since, that the parish



worshipped their gardens and that what they expected in Doane was a glorified gardener. They were so wrong in their expectations. That was what was spoiling my life. I had tried to get Doane to make at least a pretense of gardening. He wouldn't. I had dragged my reluctant self from bed morning after morning to prowling the gardens with a dust-gun, looking for pests. I had hoed and weeded and watered. But Mrs. Gower's contemptuous look had reduced my efforts to naught. Now, to top it, was Doane's disrespect in regard to the rose-garden site. He'd have to rectify that—and soon—or he'd be a man without a parish. The thought set me shivering.

He came in late, but unapologetic, to dinner. He said, "Hi, Butch, how's the boy?" to our yearling, and gave me an affectionate peck near my left ear. "You can't guess where I've been—" he began. I cut him short. "I'm not going to try. Doane, you put the tennis court where they had planned the rose garden."

"I know it."

"But Doane—"

"Listen, Nancy," he put down his roasting ear, and eyed me with what I call his "Crusader Look." "St. Anne's doesn't need any more flower gardens. They have a bad case now of dry rot caused by sitting and contemplating their gardens, which are—and I quote—'the most beautiful in the state.' It needs curing."

"And you're the man to cure it, if it antagonizes everyone of importance."

He winced at my tone, but said gravely, "I hope it doesn't come to that. I want to wake up the parish—and the town as well—to the fact that St. Anne's isn't entirely smothered in self-pride and smugness, that it has a more important purpose in the community than maintaining beautiful gardens."

I said, "You aren't by any chance jealous of Dr. Bristo's memory?"

**H**IS quiet look reduced the question to the absurdity it deserved. "It makes me sad," he sighed, "to think of that once-valiant warrior—"

"Warrior?" The word didn't fit my conception of the former rector.

"One of the greatest fighters the church ever had, reduced from battling sin and the devil to warring on bugs and weeds. Pitiful! And even more pitiful, the harm his beautiful gardens have done the parish—though quite unwittingly on his part. The poor man was sick and worn out from overwork—all he could do was putter in the garden."

"I'm properly sorry for him—but let's talk about the Culloms who have to reap the results of his gardening. The Culloms—that's us, darling, remember? Two folks with a future to be made secure, and a child to be raised—preferably in the rectory at St. Anne's. For their sake, couldn't you show a little interest in the

gardens—wander around a bit, with a hoe or a dust-gun—"

He shrugged impatiently. "I have more important things to do. The guild had better hire a gardener. I'm going to suggest that the gardens be made smaller so that I can have more playground room."

"No, Doane, no!" I shrieked. "You've got to take down the tennis court. Mrs. Bristo's coming, and they want to dedicate the rose garden."

He stared at me like a stricken thing. "Mrs. Bristo coming? When?"

"Early next month. Mrs. Gower told me. She was shocked speechless by the tennis court. Speechless, mind you—Mrs. Gower!"

My ill-timed humor fell on deaf ears. Doane was gazing at his plate, with a look as near discouragement on his handsome face as I had ever seen. "I'd counted on that garden business being shelved until next spring. I was confident that by then—"

"By then you'll be looking for a new pastorate," I said, "unless you tear down that tennis court and get the gardens in order for Mrs. Bristo."

"Tear down the tennis court?" I felt as loathsome as a slug on a rose leaf under his reproachful look. "The court will stay—as long as I do."

"Which won't be long—" That broadside was wasted. He had risen, and started for his study. I knew then how

TEAR OR CUT ON THIS LINE

## CHURCH INFORMATION

What denomination is your church? \_\_\_\_\_

About how many members? \_\_\_\_\_

Do you plan a new church? ..... Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

" " " an addition? ..... Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

" " " air conditioning? ..... Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

" " " to paint? ..... Inside \_\_\_ Outside \_\_\_

" " " to buy ..... Carpet \_\_\_ Linoleum \_\_\_

" " " " " ..... Heating Plant \_\_\_ New Roof \_\_\_

Does your church have Fire Insurance? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

If not, are you planning to buy Fire Insurance? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Is your church going to buy an

Electric Range? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Gas Range? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Electric Refrigerator? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Gas Refrigerator? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Slide Projector? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Motion Picture Projector? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

Organ? Yes \_\_\_ No \_\_\_

How many members of your household are committee members in your church? \_\_\_\_\_

How many members of your household are officers or teachers in Sunday School? \_\_\_\_\_

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disturbed he was. He'd left his dinner half eaten. He was disturbed? Well, so was I.

The next day's events didn't calm me any. Mrs. Gower telephoned in the morning. She asked if Doane were in. I resisted an impulse to make a face at her telephone, and told her he wasn't. Her "Ahl!" held satisfaction—and no surprise.

I said he would be in his study by eleven, but she said, "Never mind. I just wanted to tell you that I'm sending a man over to get the gardens in shape for Mrs. Bristo's visit. It would break her heart not to see them at their best." She paused, then shot her arrow into the air, sure where it would land. "Frankly, we didn't expect to have to do this. We thought, of course, Mr. Cullom would keep them in shape."

"He—he's pretty busy."

She said flatly, "At what?" and when I could only stammer, because I really didn't know, she said, "Well, I won't keep you—I'm sure you're busy too," in a tone that implied the opposite.

I replaced the telephone, and said to my young son, "I have the strongest feeling that you'll never grow up in this delightful old rectory. I'm psychic that way." Billy didn't seem interested until I started sniffing—then he laughed. I cried harder—he laughed harder.

I was so engrossed in my emotional orgy that I hardly noticed the rapping

on the back door. When it was repeated with terrific vigor, I mopped my eyes and went to the door. Two boys were there—skinny little urchins—excited and angry.

"Where's the minister?" one demanded.

"He's not here right now. He'll—"

"Then you'll hafta come—quick—he's started."

"Who? Started what?" I asked.

"A fella takin' down our tennis net—says he's got orders."

**M**Y heart leaped. Maybe Doane had come to his senses, and ordered it down. But no—I remembered the grim set of his jaw when he had said, "The tennis court stays as long as I do."

Well—more power to whomever it was that had started things! I smiled with affected regret at the small boys. "If there's an order—"

"Mr. Cullom didn't give no order like that. We're havin' tryouts for the turnment. Come on, you can stop him—" Their skinny arms beckoned, their worried, angry eyes entreated. Their urgency was like a physical force, moving me against my will out the door and across the gardens.

Midway I remembered Billy and paused.

"Come on—come on—" they urged.

"My baby. I can't—"

"Go bring him, Shorty," the larger of

the two directed. The other turned back at once.

The court was a mob scene with small dancing dervishes directing the full fury of their shrill clamor at a man who went stolidly about the task of taking down the net. I wondered how he could be so impervious to their uproar. They turned it on me. "Make him stop. We're havin' tryouts. Tell him he's gotta leave us play."

I didn't want to interfere. I didn't intend to interfere. Then the man stopped work to say, "Mrs. Gower's orders, ma'am." Quite without volition I was shrieking almost as shrilly as the boys. "Mrs. Gower? She hasn't any authority to take that net down." I paused—appalled at what I had said—then went right on to say more, though in a calmer tone. "Mr. Cullom doesn't want the net down. The youngsters are going to have a tournament."

"But Mrs. Gower said—"

"Maybe you misunderstood her—or maybe she got things mixed. Put the net back, please, so they can get to playing."

There was silence on the court, respectful and admiring from the urchins. A calm, and outwardly expectant silence on my part, and a thoughtful, weighing silence on the part of the man.

"O. K.," he said, at length. "But if Mrs. Gower gets after me—"

"I'll explain it to her." I was drowned

TEAR OR CUT ON THIS LINE

Please check any of the following owned by your household:

Your Home	<input type="checkbox"/>	Electric Ironing Machine	<input type="checkbox"/>
Other Real Estate	<input type="checkbox"/>	Electric Washing Machine	<input type="checkbox"/>
Flower Garden	<input type="checkbox"/>	Gasoline Washing	
Vegetable Garden	<input type="checkbox"/>	Machine	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electric Refrigerator	<input type="checkbox"/>	Central Heating Plant	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gas Refrigerator	<input type="checkbox"/>	Passenger Car	<input type="checkbox"/>
Electric Range	<input type="checkbox"/>	Another Car	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gas Range	<input type="checkbox"/>	Truck	<input type="checkbox"/>

Please check any of the following items you plan to purchase within the next year:

New House	<input type="checkbox"/>	Washing Machine	<input type="checkbox"/>
Roofing	<input type="checkbox"/>	Automatic Washing	
Insulation	<input type="checkbox"/>	Machine	<input type="checkbox"/>
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Electric Hand Iron	<input type="checkbox"/>	Linoleum	<input type="checkbox"/>
" Ironing Machine	<input type="checkbox"/>	Rugs	<input type="checkbox"/>
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" Range	<input type="checkbox"/>	Used Car	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gas Range	<input type="checkbox"/>	Truck	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gas Refrigerator	<input type="checkbox"/>		

What is the occupation of the head of your family?\_\_\_\_\_

How many persons are there in your household?\_\_\_\_\_

About how many different people read your copy of CHRISTIAN HERALD regularly? (Family and others)

Men?\_\_\_\_\_ Women?\_\_\_\_\_ Young People?\_\_\_\_\_

What national magazines do you read regularly?

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Are you planning a trip or cruise? Yes\_\_\_\_\_ No\_\_\_\_\_

If so, when?\_\_\_\_\_ Where?\_\_\_\_\_

What make is your automobile?\_\_\_\_\_ Year?\_\_\_\_\_

Please see reverse side

out by the yells of triumph from the small fry. They leaped to replace the net.

I looked around for Billy, and found him riding high on his father's shoulder. "Doane," I gasped, "how long have you been here. Why did you stand back and—"

"Just got here. What's the ruckus?"

"Mrs. Gower sent the man to take down the net."

Color rose in his face. It was just the way I had felt.

"I—I—don't ask me why I did it—but I told the man to put back the net."

"You're a brick, honey," he said.

"No, I'm not. I'm a darn fool—and you can settle with Mrs. Gower." I snatched Billy and hurried to the house. A fool—a fool—if I'd let the man take down the net—but Doane would have replaced it. What could I do? *What could I do?*

I didn't get any answer to that frustrated moan in the ensuing days. Mrs. Gower put on her armor and went out to do battle for the rose garden. What would Mrs. Bristo think? It was an affront to the memory of dear Dr. Bristo! There were plenty of allusions to "up-starts," too, and "new brooms."

"Do you have to be a 'new broom?'" I asked Doane, more in anger than hope. "Why don't you be a little more tactful—go at things a little more slowly—"

"Halfway measures are worse than none," he said. "St. Anne's has to wake up—become militant—"

"It's doing that," I snapped. "Led by that Amazon—"

"Poor Mrs. Gower," Doane sighed. "It's hard for her to give up gracefully."

"Give up?" I gasped. "Haven't you got your parties mixed? Who do you think is going to give up what?"

"Mrs. Gower is going to give up the rose garden," he said.

And to my great surprise, he was right. The vestry deeply regretted the fact that the rector had used the space for a tennis court, but due to the commitments made to the children, it would have to continue until after the tournament.

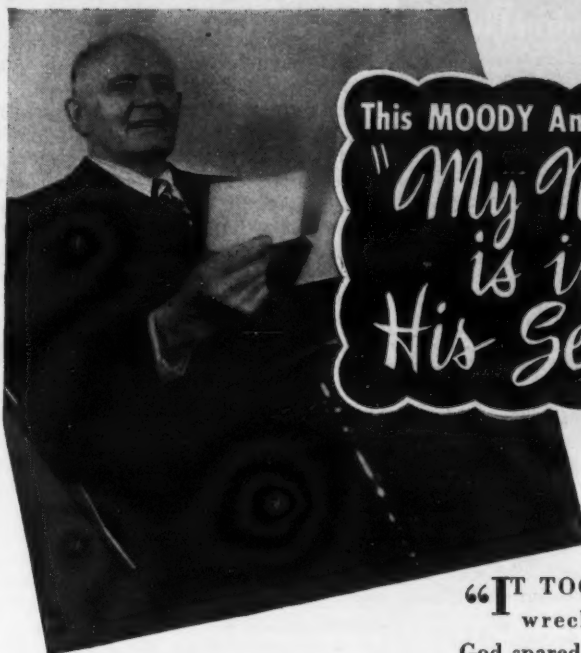
Doane was jubilant when he told me. "They're waking up," he said. "They're sloughing off their smugness—"

"Yes? Then what does that clause 'until after the tournament' mean? The court will last until after the tournament—and so will we," I said. "We might as well start packing."

Doane looked pained and said, "Oh, ye of little faith—"

I wasn't in any mood for a sermon, but he said I needed one. "My text," he said, "is: 'God's ways may be mysterious, but they are never silly.'"

I looked foggy and he pulled me down beside him on the davenport. "Listen," he said, "God sent me here to St. Anne's on a mission. It isn't accomplished yet, so it would be silly to take me away." (Cont'd next page)



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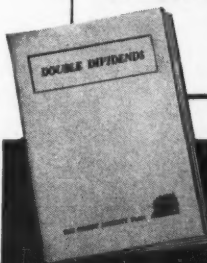
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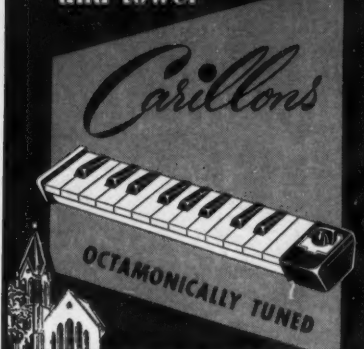
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It was as plain as that to him—Mrs. Gower and her whispering campaign notwithstanding. I stared at my dear, deluded husband. Oddly, the longer I stared, the less deluded he appeared. Faith—staunch and unwavering—not delusion, was in his look.

All right, I would accept his premise that God had sent him to St. Anne's, and that God didn't do silly things. But—suppose God had sent him here, not to teach St. Anne's a lesson, but to try my poor husband in the fire, make him a more nearly perfect instrument. I shivered, remembering, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth." I didn't say these awful thoughts aloud. I kissed Doane and told him I'd try not to worry. I *did* try—but with no success.

If I could have stopped Mrs. Bristo from coming, I would have done so. I felt so sure that disaster for the Culloms would follow her visit. I couldn't stop her. She arrived one day, quite unexpectedly, when Billy and I were watching grackles in the birdbath. If I hadn't been poisoned by overdoses of her *in absentia*, I'd have found her charming. As it was, I had to work hard to keep on guard against her friendliness.

She looked about the gardens with appreciative eyes. "They're in wonderful order," she said. "I'm surprised. I thought your husband might find so many other things to give his time to, that—"

"My husband hasn't lifted his hand in these gardens except to dig fish-worms," I said. Mrs. Gower would tell her if I didn't. For good measure I added, "The guild hired a man—though quite against their wish. As a gardener, my husband is a great disappointment to the parish."

She digested this silently, as we went along the path. She moved among the flowers as among old and dear friends—touching a dahlia here, an aster there. Quite suddenly the glow faded from her face.

"Oh—oh, I thought, noting the direction of her glance.

"They—they didn't make it into a rose garden!" she exclaimed. "My husband had planned to have roses there."

"Yes, I know," I said lamely.

Mrs. Bristo went closer to the court. "I can't see anyone I know. Unless— isn't that Johnny Cramer at the net?"

"Yes. That's Johnny. Most of them aren't parish children. They're from all over town—even across the tracks." I couldn't tell whether her gasp was due to surprise or shock.

We went into the rectory presently, and I was glad I'd cleaned thoroughly for once, because she ranged from cellar to garret—though not snoopily.

"Thanks for letting me look," she said. "I enjoyed it. I—I spent many happy years here. I hope you will, too."

I said "Thanks," and she went away, saying she was due at Mrs. Gower's.

There was a reception for her in the

church parlors. I'd been dreading it—but I needn't have. It was a warm, friendly gathering, much more occupied with showing their love for the honor guest than their lack of love for us.

There were speeches. The senior warden lauded Dr. Bristo and his beautiful gardens. He deplored the fact that the dedication of the rose garden would have to be postponed until spring.

Doane was called on. I held my breath, afraid he'd make an issue of the rose garden then and there.

He didn't. He also lauded Dr. Bristo and "a garden he planted many years ago, which is still bearing sweet, fragrant blossoms. I refer," he explained, "to his work at Hays City among the underprivileged—work so outstanding that I studied his method in school. I vowed that when I began my ministry, I would plant and tend Dr. Bristo's kind of gardens."

There was a surprised and thoughtful silence when he sat down.

MRS. BRISTO spoke next. She said the conventional things—how nice it was to be among old friends—said them sincerely, but I felt she was clearing the decks for something more important. I was right. She squared off and looked my husband in the eye. "Since you haven't time to work in the memorial gardens, Mr. Cullom, I'd be interested to know what occupies your time."

A sly glance passed among Mrs. Gower's cohorts, and I thought, "Whom the Lord loveth—oh, my poor Doane!"

He flushed and said, "Well, offhand, it's a bit difficult to tell—"

"Never mind," she said, "I've been snooping. You fish—you hike—you play ball—" Satisfaction grew on Mrs. Gower's face. Doane's flush deepened.

"Do you know—" Mrs. Bristo turned to her intent audience, "that there's a new descriptive phrase for this parish? Instead of 'the church with the pretty garden,' it's becoming known as 'the church with the live-wire minister.' Delinquent boys—derelicts—the poor—the afflicted—all these know your Mr. Cullom better than you do." Something inside me relaxed, and I could breathe again.

She swung back to Doane, her face glowing. "Thank you for your tribute to my husband's real life work. Thank you for starting in this town work he longed to do and couldn't because of his poor health. Don't tear down the tennis court—ever. Dedicate it to Dr. Bristo—it would make him proud and happy."

She stood for a moment just looking at folks—and sort of compelling them to look at her. Then she smiled, in a satisfied way, and said, "And now, my friends, let us sing Dr. Bristo's old favorite—the Doxology."

I'm a poor sample of a minister's wife, I know, but there wasn't a more sincere, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," than mine.

THE END

# Adoptable!

Among the world's most adorable children are the Chinese. Today too many of them are orphaned and in dire want. You can "adopt" one under this unique plan . . .

By J. CALVITT CLARKE



ARE you one of those Americans who had decided to adopt a child and then, because of the difficulties placed in your path, gave up the idea? Or, are you one of those who had contemplated adopting a child, but upon investigation shrank from becoming involved in the uncertainties and responsibilities of foster parenthood?

Well, there are children who can be adopted by you without difficulty and without legal obligations. You can adopt such a child with a complete absence of red tape. No inquisitive investigator will delve into your past; ask questions about your ancestors; you won't have to tell what your income is, and so on.

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You need not be afraid that your request for an adoption will be refused. There are more than enough children to go around. In fact, these children so desperately need to be adopted that unless they are, many of them will die of hunger.

In the city of Foochow in the province of Fukien in China there are hundreds of orphan children who huddle in doorways at night or sleep beside some country road with the cold stars as their only covering. Thousands of refugees from the North are streaming into the city. The housing shortage which was a terrific problem previous

to the invasion of refugees, has now become a dilemma. Likewise, the price of food spiraling higher each day makes it impossible for the less fortunate to exist.

This inflation has caused an almost unbelievable situation. Just the other day, I received a letter from a friend in Shanghai. Two years ago he invited me to dinner at one of the city's more expensive restaurants. There were a dozen courses of excellent Chinese food and the bill which my Chinese friend cheerfully paid was higher, even then, than it would have been in New York. Now this same friend, formerly in comfortable circumstances, writes to me with evident embarrassment, asking if it will not be possible for his two children to be admitted to one of the China's Children Fund's Shanghai orphanages because, "I'm unable to give them enough to eat."

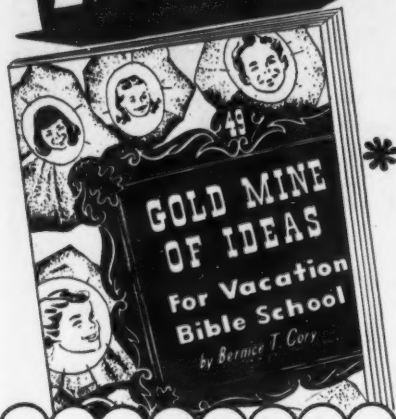
Among the refugees who fled from advancing troops in the North and left behind their farms, little shops and practically all their worldly possessions, the high cost of the scarce food is grimly tragic. It is the plight of the children, however, that seems most cruel of all. Many of them are refugees from the North, but others are local children who survived while their parents perished

in last summer's flood—the worst flood in Foochow in the past seventy years. More and more hungry as day follows day, these children search vainly among the already pawed-over refuse piles and are driven to eating grass, the bark of trees, and even to swallowing clay in an effort to relieve their hunger pains.

Fortunately there has existed in Foochow, since 1908, the Christian Herald Orphanage and Industrial Mission. It is prepared to admit within its gates such needy children as its funds permit. The child, fortunate enough to be admitted, is deloused, bathed, given new clothing in place of his dirty rags and sits down to table with several hundred other boys and girls to his first real meal in months.

AS the child's health improves he begins to enter into the life of the orphanage and school. He is examined as to his previous schooling, if any, and placed in his proper class. His aptitudes and inclinations are studied and a trade is assigned him. He may be taught farming in the orphanage's well conducted gardens; he may be taught printing in the excellent shop of the mission which augments its income through commercial printing. Or, best of all, he may become a skilled carpen-

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ter and cabinetmaker. Some of the best furniture manufactured in all the section of China around Fukien Province is turned out in the Christian Herald's Industrial Mission's furniture factory. Recently a new bank in Foochow had all of its partitions, shelves, desks and other furniture manufactured by the orphanage boys. And just this year they have again started making the fragrant camphor chests with the delicate carving for which China is famous. If the new arrival is a girl, there are many courses available to prepare her for a life of usefulness, such as nursing-trained nurses are in great demand in China—teaching, and homemaking.

Although school and work occupy a large part of the day at the orphanage and industrial school, there is time for play, too, with hundreds of happy children to share in it. The orphanage is a busy place; there are all sorts of highly active clubs, teams and drama organizations. Then, too, the orphanage is not conducted as an institution. It is more like a good American boarding school. And it is a home for the children—a real home. From Rev. Clare Scratch, the superintendent, and his good wife, to every instructor, both foreign and Chinese, there is a cooperative, family spirit and an ever-continuing effort to provide for the boys and girls a wholesome, happy home.

Above all, the Christian Herald Orphanage and Industrial Mission is a Christian institution. The daily chapel service is only one facet of the spiritual atmosphere there. Superintendent Scratch and his fellow workers desire to give to the boys and girls a moving knowledge and acceptance of Him who above all others loves children.

The orphanage is doing more than simply rescuing hungry, homeless orphan children. It is doing more than relieving suffering. Among the graduates of the school are many real leaders in China. In fact, some of its graduates are teachers and missionaries in lands beyond China. But the orphanage emphasizes that the graduates should serve their own country and help their own fellows.

Chen Chung Shin, president of Trinity College, Foochow, is one example of the many boys who have grown up and studied in the orphanage and today are taking their place as leaders among the people. When but a lad of 4, both of his parents died as plague swept their village. A widowed aunt, who was doing manual labor for her living, had compassion on the little fellow and took him under her wing. But she worried because she could do so little for him; she wanted him to learn to read and write. She was a Christian woman and had heard about the Christian Herald Orphanage. She pleaded with her pastor and through his assistance was able to have the youngster admitted. The boy was a

good student and was fortunate in that he was chosen as one of a few for higher education. In time he graduated from the Fukien Christian University. Now he is in a position to help others as he once was helped.

There are many other men and women graduates of the Christian Herald Orphanage who have achieved positions of prominence. From unattractive and unpromising children in rags and encrusted dirt, frail bodies blotched with running sores—from these sad creatures have developed the fine, alert men and women, who, as Christian Herald graduates, are today living useful and influential lives.

There are many waiting children outside the orphanage gate. And it is within the power of any one, *you* perhaps, to lift the latch and permit such children to enter. If the latch can be lifted for only one neglected child, if only one small child can enter and be clothed and fed and loved and have his life transformed, that is a wonderful thing indeed.

**T**HE cost is ten dollars a month which includes full care: food, shelter, clothing, schooling and vocational training. It includes, too, Christian instruction, for the child admitted is usually without knowledge of any religion. The contributor can state his preference for a boy or a girl and indicate what age child is desired. A specific child will be assigned and the child's name, address, picture and case history will be sent to the contributor. The children are taught English, and correspondence with the child is invited.

Many sponsors of Christian Herald children have themselves been surprised at how interested they have become in their little wards. There is really something fascinating about a Chinese child. Whether the child was born of coolie parents or those of better circumstances, he has in back of him the culture and wisdom of the world's oldest civilization.

Sunday-school classes, church groups as well as individuals are becoming interested in adopting these needy orphan children. The pictures of the adopted children hang in Sunday-school rooms, on the walls in club rooms and private homes and often are framed and placed where they can be seen every day—on the top of dressers or mantelpieces. Some of the sponsors plan to bring their children to America for college work. That means that at least a few of the children will have an opportunity to be guests in the homes of their sponsors. But even among the children whose sponsors will not be able to afford to bring them to America, there will be a deep appreciation and affection. This has been proved already in the adoptions that have been made.

Many of the children's letters to their sponsors contain quaint phrases, such as those of the boy who wrote that his



favorite subjects were arithmetic, history and God's biography. He meant, of course, the Bible. So many of the sponsors request their little wards to call them "mother" or "father" or "big sister." And the letters these children write to their kind foster parents in far-away America are, as one woman put it, "like little sermons to one's heart from God."

There is no obligation to continue the child's care beyond the first year. This does not mean that the child will be dismissed from the orphanage. Someone else will carry the child on from the point you have so kindly taken him. There are many outside the orphanage whom Superintendent Scratch and his workers cannot take in, but once a child is admitted he is not dismissed until he is old enough and sufficiently well trained to earn a living.

Foochow, the seat of the Christian Herald Orphanage and Industrial Mission, is south of Shanghai and in territory not occupied by the Communists. Funds can safely be transmitted without danger of falling into the wrong hands. The American Board of Trustees is not only in constant communication with the orphanage but it has the added assurance of economical and efficient management by frequent visits of CCF officials.

China has always been America's trusted friend. For more years than any other country, through no fault of the people, China has suffered from war fought on her own soil. Today she faces even greater uncertainties. It is our belief, shared by every missionary we have ever discussed the matter with, that for America to cast off China now is deplorably wrong from every viewpoint.

To lift that latch on the compound gate and admit a ragged child to—in his eyes—a bit of heaven, is very simple. Write to this magazine and state that you wish to adopt a child and send the \$120 for the year or make a first month's payment of \$10 on a year's pledge. Soon you will have a photograph of your adoptive child. You will have before you a child's face to gaze at and ponder over and wonder about. Perhaps through correspondence you may want to help plan the child's future, to give to the child what cruel misfortune took from him, to give to the child his birthright—someone who cares and loves. Perhaps it cannot mean as much to you as having an adopted child in your own home, to tuck into bed at night, to talk to and caress. Yet "your" child, although far away, will be not one whit less needful of your love.

And who can tell, some day you may visit your child and in one of the most interesting countries of the world. Or, perhaps, and even better, have the child, grown to young manhood, visit you in your home—a son come home to pay his respect and give his thanks. **END**

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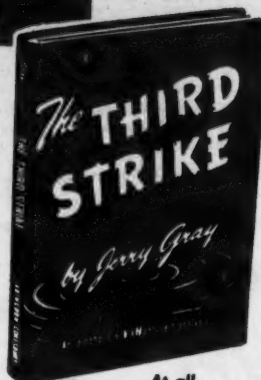
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DOUBLEDAY

# THE New Books

by DANIEL A. POLING

STILLMEADOW, by Gladys Taber (Macrae-Smith, 273 pp., \$3).

A GREAT delight. With quiet charm the book comforts the heart and sings across the soul like a brook that fills a meadow with springtime beauty. This volume is another kind of "Good Earth."

Here is a sample of what you are destined to discover on every page: "This is the time of roses, roses and puppies in the sun... and what a lovely smelling world the puppies find with their soft, 8-week-old noses." November brings us to Thanksgiving and always Thanksgiving "should be a holiday filled with thankfulness to God that our American way of life has been preserved." The favorite place of Gladys Taber is the home and from her home has come the rich store of varied experiences which have helped and inspired millions of American women. (This is *Christian Herald's* "Family Bookshelf" selection for May.)

THE GOD-SEEKER, by Sinclair Lewis (Random House, 422 pp., \$3.50).

SINCLAIR LEWIS has produced a preacher who is not an Elmer Gantry. To be sure, Aaron Gadd is completely surrounded by Elmers, but he himself is an honest man. As a God-seeker Aaron never arrives, but he does make a brave and eloquent journey and we may reasonably conclude that he never gave up the search. This latest novel is in the author's fixed pattern but he also seems now to be searching for something he hasn't found. If and when he finds it, what a novel he will write! Not for church libraries but well worth the attention of churchmen, both in pulpit and pew.

THE NORWAYMAN, by Joseph O'Connor (Macmillan, 352 pp., \$3.50).

ONE of the strong, dramatic and convincing novels of the year. A love story that flowers on a bleak island off the coast of Eire. The hero is a Protestant who has never taken his faith very seriously but who finds his bravest friends among Roman Catholics to whom he gives his loyalty and for whom he dies in vivid, tragic action. Religion is central but not obtrusive. There's fine and chaste writing here which makes much of the current trash look trashier still.

**JOHN C. CALHOUN**, *Nullifier*, by Charles M. Wiltse (Bobbs-Merrill, 511 pp., \$6).

**A** WORK monumental in its proportions, factual and luminous in its treatment. The present volume, follows "John C. Calhoun, Nationalist" and takes over from the beginning of Andrew Jackson's administration. In his lifetime, Calhoun was branded a traitor by the President of the United States. After his death he was blamed for the Civil War and quite generally he is held responsible, as is no other personality, for Southern secession. A volume to be read for its sheer beauty and to be kept on merit in the library of Americans.

**THE GOLDEN WARRIOR**, by Hope Muntz (Scribners, 354 pp., \$3).

**H**ERE is a saga that reads like fiction and fiction that is the dramatized history of the British Empire's tumultuous birth. The drama of Harold and William never retreats. It is a rising crescendo of feudal passion. Until his fate turned on a single arrow, Harold was undefeated in battle and though he lost a kingdom in death he was still greater than his conqueror in the hearts of the English. No historical novel of a long generation has been at once more realistic and restrained.

**THE CHAIN**, by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday, 368 pp., \$3).

**T**HIS is a great novel and potentially an even greater picture. The clergyman, John Carlisle, is the most consistently selfless and convincing character created by any author in a decade. He has a worthy supporting cast in Gilda Wescott, beautiful and sophisticated, who finds God in the man who had a greater love; in Dr. Murray Clifton, a cynical, brilliant surgeon, whose conscience catches up with him; in Todd Westcott, brutal master of men and industry, who was gentled by tragedy. At least half a dozen other characters, weak and strong, sinful and thoroughly human, play their part in making this book a fiction event of 1949. Paul I. Wellman has fully arrived. Also he has still greater promise. He writes now with increasing authority. The picture will screen some things objectionable to CHRISTIAN HERALD readers. These are minor but will be definitely objectionable to many. I would like to help with that picture!

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF

**SHALOM MEANS PEACE**, by Robert St. John (Doubleday, 335 pp., \$2.95). Between these backs is a library of modern Israel. The pages are crowded with stories of thrilling achievement. Faith and toil even unto death become triumphant in the glory and wonder of a new nation that is the fulfillment of prophecy. This volume marches.

**SHADOWS OF THE MANGER**, by Elizabeth Werner (Hearthstone Publishing Co., \$1.50). A lovely gift book

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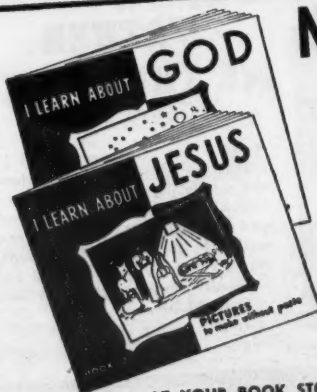
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**TUMBLEWEED BOY**, by Eleanor Hull (Friendship Press, 144 pp., \$1.75). A delightful, searching story of a sharecropper boy—delightful and yet filled with tragedy. Here is a kaleidoscopic, factual survey of submerged America released as fiction. You should read it and if you do you will be rewarded.

**CHINA CHANGED MY MIND**, by David Morris (Houghton Mifflin, 202 pp., \$2.50). The terribly realistic but convincing confession of a forthright young man to whom pacifism lost the debate! Every conscientious objector, every youth who considers becoming a conscientious objector should read this book—also every person, young or old, who is not a conscientious objector. The author has something to say that should be heard—and now. This is a unique, great book.

**THROUGH LIGHTED WINDOWS**, by Warren E. Reese (E. V. Publishing House, 405 pp., \$2.50). This volume of inspirational and devotional readings for each day of the year is in the tradition of our evangelical Protestant faith. The great heart hungerers are fed, the way of the Cross is pointed out, and the Cross itself is made alive for human experience now. These pages are filled with comfort, with assurance and with the challenge of Christian triumph.

**ONE INCREASING PURPOSE**, *The Life of Henry Winters Luce*, by B. A. Garside (Revell, 271 pp., \$3.75). The life story of the father of the man who accomplished one of the two greatest modern miracles in the publishing world, is inevitably dramatic. Dr. Henry Winters Luce was a Christian of great achievements. Educator, missionary and Christian statesman, he poured his rich life into all the channels of life in the Orient and lifted the human stream to a new level of faith. This biography is faithful to the man and his career.

**THE PURPOSE OF THE GOSPELS**, by Ernest F. Scott (Scribners, 171 pp., \$2.50). A scholarly search into and through the Gospels. Why were they written, what motive impelled the authors? Dr. Scott believes that a study of the life of Jesus will reveal to His followers His purpose and show them how to cooperate with God in fulfilling it.

**FEAR, WAR, AND THE BOMB**, by P. M. S. Blackett (Whittlesey, 244 pp., \$3.50). A searching recent study of atomic energy. Those who read here will be less terrorized but more fully informed than has been their reading experience with other writers in this now highly congested field. This book is an appeal to reason. The author is very sure that there is now no possi-

bility of quickly and cheaply defeating a great power. You will disagree with many things herein contained, but you will be much wiser when you finish reading.

**MARY WAKEFIELD**, by *Mazo De La Roche* (Little, Brown, 337 pp., \$3). The latest volume in the Jalna royal succession. This is modern, comfortable and to the vast readership of the author surely satisfying. Here is a writer who is at once a stylist and a realist.

**REPORT ON AMERICA**, by *Robert Payne* (John Day, 279 pp., \$3.50). English writers are not loath (and many of them after a short visit) to set America in order. This volume is not presumptuous. The author believes that an awakened and resolute America can rule the world, not by force but by friendship. This is his faith because he also believes that America contains at last all the elements which go to form a free world.

**THE CHURCH'S MINISTRY IN OUR TIME**, by *Henry Knox Sherrill* (Scribners, 162 pp., \$2). Are we witnessing the death of civilization or the birth-pains of a new society? The distinguished presiding bishop of the Episcopal Church is a dynamic optimist—also he has a lucid, convincing style.

**THE MOMENT OF TRUTH**, by *Storm Jameson* (Macmillan, 179 pp., \$2.50). A fanciful tale in the mood of "Lost Horizon" that isolates twelve people on a British airfield. Waiting for a plane which is to carry them to the United States and freedom from the immediate great disaster, they philosophize on things present and things to come. Well written and dramatic. Not for church libraries.

**RUSSIA'S RACE FOR ASIA**, by *George Creel* (Bobbs-Merrill, 264 pp., \$2.75). A convincing, burning and documented story of Russia's winning race for Asia. The author speaks with authority. Describing himself as President Wilson's head of the Committee on Public Information in World War I he has this to say: "I have been a radical liberal all my life but am now a reactionary because I refuse to admit that the Russian system is better than our own." This book supports General Chennault. Also it is a document of hope. Time runs out, but if we move quickly we can still save China from Communism—and ourselves from worse.

**VICTORY IN MY HANDS**, by *Harold Russell with Victor Rosen* (Creative Age, 280 pp., \$2.50). This is a chronicle of achievement and the story of victory over great odds. The hero is an everyday American, happily married, winner of two movie academy awards, who without hands has handled life magnificently. The inspiration of down-to-the-earth reality is on every page.

**THESE THREE ALONE**, by *Fred Taylor Wilson* (Parthenon Press, Nash-

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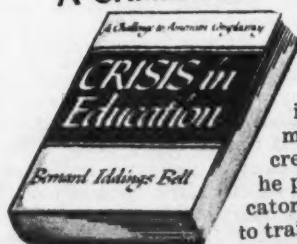
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And if this is true, then do you not see the categorical imperative involved? It means that the true church must now evangelize Israel with a fervor and intensity never known before, to prepare that Remnant to take up the Testimony once the day of Grace is ended. This is the deeper meaning of the Jewish mission witness, and we are not asleep when it comes to an understanding of the inner workings and necessities of God's dispensational program.

If God leads you to fellowship with us in this divinely given task, we shall surely welcome your joining hands with us. **The Chosen People** is sent to contributors, and is proving a blessing to many of the Lord's people in opening their eyes to present day prophetic fulfillments and meanings.

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**MODERN SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN FAITH**, by Twelve Members of the American Scientific Affiliation (Van Kampen Press, 289 pp., \$3). This volume is intensely evangelical. It is perhaps the first comprehensive attempt to present the scientifically accurate treatment of the relationship of the Bible to many fields of modern science. The attempt succeeds. Here is a readable, understandable volume, covering a vast field.

**LITTLE SQUIRE JIM**, by Robert K. Marshall (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 255 pp., \$2.75). This is a haunting, rugged and often crude novel in the American folk-lore tradition. The author writes with power and authority. Not for church libraries.

**RELIGIOUS LIBERTY**, by Cecil Northcott (Macmillan, 128 pp., \$2). Particularly fair is the chapter on the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in Latin-American countries, but equally interesting are other chapters dealing with Islam and Soviet Russia. Beyond anything that we Americans

realize, religious liberty is threatened today by governments around the world. A timely, imperative volume.

**FROM THE CITY, FROM THE PLOUGH**, by Alexander Baron (Washburn, 224 pp., \$2.75). Some of the most respected critics of contemporary English literature believe with *The Listener* that "until Mr. Baron arrived the novel of the late war remained to be written." The book has had a wide sale in the United Kingdom, and nothing since "Journey's End," which was the classic of World War I, has so vividly portrayed the utter horror of modern armed conflict. Here is realism at its appalling best—or worst. But tenderness too. Not for church libraries.

**FROM LONG AGO AND MANY LANDS**, by Sophia Fahs (Beacon Press, 205 pp., \$2.50). One of the finest books for children that has appeared in a generation. It is beautifully illustrated, the chapters are short and the selections wisely made. The scope is comprehensive, but Jesus has the central spot.

**THE TWO CONSTITUTIONS**, by Harold Stannard (Van Nostrand, 210 pp., \$3). This volume is a timely, brilliant evaluation and comparison of the written Constitution of the United States and the unwritten constitution of England. The weight of each in twentieth-century world affairs is regarded objectively and the two are shown to serve the common cause of human freedom.

### "SPASTICS" CAN BE HAPPY

(Continued from page 27)

went under the name of "Little's disease," or birth palsy. Actually birth injury is only one of many causes and the obstetrician is seldom to blame even when it occurs.

One could become extremely technical about the causes of cerebral palsy but that is a medical problem and somewhat beside the point here. Some cases are caused before birth, a few during birth, and some after the child is born. Injury to the brain by pressure, by blood diseases such as the Rh incompatibility and above all, by lack of oxygen, are the principal causes. Blue babies who fail to breathe normally are frequent victims of cerebral palsy.

The term "palsy" is applied indiscriminately outside of medical circles to any paralysis. The true name "cerebral palsy" means a disturbance of motion due to injury or to faulty development of the nerve centers in the brain which control the action of voluntary muscles. Unless injury is also done to the brain areas which control thought and the intellectual processes, the palsied child may be as normal mentally as any other child. One of the reasons why palsied children have been hidden away is because they were thought to be mentally subnormal.

How many children are there with birth palsy? Based on a number of surveys made by Dr. Winthrop M. Phelps, about seven births per 100,000 of population each year are of children with cerebral palsy. One of these seven usually dies in infancy or early childhood, leaving six to grow up with more or less brain handicap. Two of these six are likely to be of such low mental status that the best which can be hoped for them is that they will be placed under adequate and kindly custodial care. Of the remaining four, three have moderately severe physical handicaps, and one is likely to have only mild involvement. Multiply these annual figures by twenty and you have approximately forty cases under 21 years in each of 100,000 population group, typified by cities such as Rockford, Ill., Savannah, Ga., Waterbury, Conn., Duluth, Minn., and Little Rock, Ark.

Applying these figures to the United States as a whole, the number of cerebral palsy patients is estimated at between 175,000 and 200,000, aged 21 or less.

As late as twenty years ago patients with cerebral palsy were simply regarded as a family affliction with which one had to put up. Little could be done for most of them medically and even less was done educationally and sociologically. The most hopeful sign for cerebral palsy patients and their



families today is the complete about-face in this attitude.

First there is the realization that two-thirds of cerebral-palsy patients are as normal mentally as the rest of the population, which means that some of them are actually superior, just as so-called "normal" people are. Second, medical and educational knowledge and the understanding of social rejection and its implications have advanced tremendously.

The problem is by no means solved, but the indications are infinitely more hopeful than ever before. The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc. (with headquarters at 11 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, in case you wish to write to them for information), has a nation-wide cerebral-palsy program through the direct service programs of its 2000 affiliated state and local units, covering every state, the District of Columbia, Alaska, and Hawaii.

The National Society has a special Cerebral Palsy Division, staffed by consultants in physical therapy, occupational therapy, speech therapy, child development, special education, social service, and research, which operates in close cooperation with the American Academy of Cerebral Palsy. Through its national personnel registry, professionally trained staff members are recruited for cerebral-palsy units throughout the nation. Through its national scholarship program supported by funds given the National Society by Alpha Chi Omega, special training in cerebral palsy is provided for doctors, therapists, and teachers. Alpha Gamma Delta, another women's sorority, has underwritten the cost of a highly valuable national project in vocational counseling of the cerebral palsied, and Zeta Tau Alpha has allocated to the National Society funds to prepare and publish a brochure on cerebral-palsy equipment, which will soon be available to physicians. Finally, through its publications, exhibits, films, and library, extensive information service is provided.

As a result of these activities, new cerebral-palsy projects are opening all over the country, and various types of service may be found now in almost every state in the union. Affiliated state and local units of the National Society, for example, have established therapeutic day nurseries, pre-school treatment centers, rehabilitation centers, and mobile clinics to reach rural areas. Many of these projects have been set up in cooperation with service clubs and other organizations, such as the Junior League, Kiwanis, Rotary and American Legion.

A number of state health departments and state hospitals have special divisions or give special attention to cerebral palsy. This is an actively spreading movement, as indicated by

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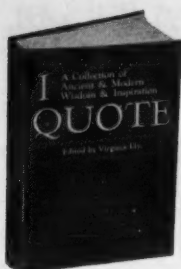
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the fact that the *American Journal of Public Health* in its April, 1948, issue was able to record seven separate and diversified new centers of activity. Training and research facilities are growing in number. All of these, public as well as private, are but straws in a rising nation-wide wind.

Once the attitude of hopelessness has been abandoned, the possibility of progress begins. People who have no hope will obviously not bother to get medical advice and follow it. Once there is aroused in the parental heart the tiniest flame of hope, much can be accomplished in the conquest of disease. When the man sick of the palsy was lowered through the roof into the presence of Jesus, he was not told that his disease would be cured. He was told "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee," whereupon he took up his bed and walked.

We are accustomed to think in these sophisticated days that miracles no longer occur. Certainly there is no counterpart of the Christ walking through our communities and healing the sick. In an infinitely lesser yet somewhat parallel way, we find that love, compassion, and hope can do much for those with whom the cold impersonal procedures of science appear helpless. Then there are those who believe prayer is a help in healing the sick.

The attack upon the problems of cerebral palsy then centers about a newly kindled hope. Certain children with cerebral palsy cannot be helped. They should be placed under appropriate care as soon as their inability to progress becomes definitely established. We have so few facilities as yet that we must concentrate them upon those whom we can help.

The child with cerebral palsy must have a combined course of medical treatment and educative training. The disorder has been compared to the damage done by a bomb falling upon the communications center of any army but leaving the headquarters (the brain) and the field units (muscles, bones, and joints) unharmed. The problem then is to restore communications, to erect new wires to replace the wires that are down. The uncoordinated movements, the tension and spasm of muscles, the grimaces and the drooling, the inability to chew, talk, write, walk, or perform other coordinated movements are not due to impaired intellect. When the brain is injured or missing, new pathways for nerve impulses must be established to achieve muscular control and coordination.

The first step is an accurate medical diagnosis of the extent of damage and an evaluation of the mental capacity of the patient. Medical measures include braces, heat, water therapy, and attention to the general health and nutrition. Drugs offer little. In a limited number

of cases surgery may be required to overcome deformity. This is largely but not exclusively surgery on muscles, tendons, and joints. There is no surgical operation on the brain for cerebral palsy, but some surgery on peripheral nerves is being developed.

The educative process depends on complete acceptance by the family that the child patient is a member of the family on the same basis as a normal child. There is no room in the picture for self-pity on the part of the parents. No "What have I done to deserve this?" or "Why did God give me such a punishment?" Neither is there any place for feelings of guilt or blame. There are numerous causes for cerebral palsy but just as the obstetrician is seldom to blame, so also the parent is not responsible. A child with cerebral palsy may be born in any family no matter how good the heredity may be. In fact heredity plays a very minor role, if any.

**T**OO much emphasis cannot be placed upon the maintenance of normal parent-child and brother-sister relationships with the cerebral-palsy patient. He must neither be rejected as a burden nor over-protected. Most of the personality troubles which complicate the already difficult problems of the palsied are due to perfectly natural reactions against being considered a nuisance, a burden, or an idiot. Nor is he helped by being spoiled with excessive affection in the effort to make up for the handicap. Parents had better strive for the utmost sincerity because concealed rebellion or repressed tendencies toward spoiling are quickly apparent to the handicapped child, who by the very reason of his handicap may have more time and opportunity to observe, think, and conclude.

The palsied child should live as nearly a normal life as the extent of his disability permits. He should play with normal children as well as with fellow sufferers. He should not be over-protected against the minor falls and trifling injuries to which every child falls heir. He should gently but persistently be encouraged and challenged to do everything he can for himself—and then just a little more. The necessary exercises, massage, and educational procedures required for the re-training of muscles and the establishment of new nerve pathways must be learned from skilled professionals, but parents can and should attend these treatment sessions at hospitals or clinics and learn what to do and how to do it in order that they may cooperate effectively and consistently at home.

Among the most important problems of the cerebral palsied child is speech. Poor muscular coordination, first noticeable as inability to chew solid food and not infrequently by drooling, creates difficulties in forming words, although the child may understand what he

wishes to do and is merely physically incapable of doing so. Retardation in speech is one of the reasons why cerebral palsied children are likely to be regarded as mental defectives. Overcoming of speech difficulties is a long, tedious procedure which calls for expert help plus infinite patience and an unlimited capacity to resist discouragement.

Simple toys and apparatus such as hand rails, special chairs, ramps, and other helps should be provided and their use supervised at home as well as in the treatment clinics. The actual toys provided are less important than the manner in which they are used. Gladys G. Rogers and Leah Thomas, founders of the Robin Hood's Barn at Ascutney, Vermont, published in 1935 a book entitled "New Pathways For the Cerebral Palsied." In this they emphasized the importance of play. The necessary exercises for muscular training and re-education must often be carried on for many years. They become a hopeless bore and an insurmountable obstacle to both patients and attendants unless some element of fun can predominate. This is best achieved through group play in which children emulate and stimulate one another. They are often able to forget some of their inhibitions and achieve better muscular action while diverted with play than they could in similar exercise under watchful and sometimes impatient adult direction.

The palsied child should go to school with normal children as soon as he possibly can. In mild cases this may be from the beginning. He should never be allowed to become obsessed with his handicap, but should regard it as his health problem in the same way that his classmates may have their health problems, such as weak eyes, running ears, bad tonsils, allergies, and other forms of health impairment. Most of his training should be slanted in the direction of having fun so that he can enjoy the learning process and derive satisfaction from his small successes and the evidences of progress. Most of all let it be emphasized again that this child needs emotional security as every child needs it. Only so much more!

Take another look at the pictures which accompany this article. They show happy children. All of these youngsters are more or less handicapped but their faces show that life is not without compensations and that all their difficulties are not getting them down. Parents with cerebral palsied children may study these pictures and take new courage from them. In two-thirds of the palsied children being born there is hope for great improvement if the parents will have hope, fortitude, and faith, and if they will not become weary of well doing in the long, discouraging, but ever more and more promising road toward their goal.

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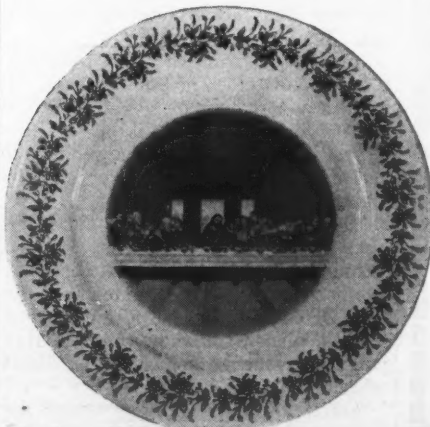
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## THE BESTEST SECRET

(Continued from page 29)

Alcorn earning money baby-sitting, to buy her mother a birthday gift. Well, you know Mary, Ann. She immediately wanted to earn some money to buy her mother a birthday gift."

Ann nodded. "Umm—that sounds like Mary, all right."

"I said I'd be glad to pay her every time she stayed with Joey. So we began putting the nickels and dimes, and occasionally, a quarter, into a glass jar, and she wanted me to keep it here so her mother wouldn't know about it."

Ann sat forward in her chair. She felt a sudden prickling along her arms. "How much has she earned, Linda?"

"We counted it the first of the week and there was a dollar-seventy-five. Mary said, 'If I stay once more, will it make two dollars?' Of course, I agreed to that. And then, the little imp wanted me to give it to her in a two-dollar bill, like one she'd seen somewhere. So I got one at the store, and she took it home, the proudest, little wage-earner you ever saw."

Ann had risen. "Oh, Linda, I'm glad—oh, you never can know how glad I am you told me this! I'm going over to see Mrs. Kimbel a minute."

Linda frowned. "Don't you dare tell her, Ann Larson! Or Mary, either. That child would never trust me again."

Ann was at the door. "I'll keep the secret. Don't worry. Tell Phil I'll be right back."

Ann found Rosalie Kimbel alone. "I've just put Mary to bed. Bob took Uncle Andrew to a lodge meeting. It's roll-call night so many of the older members will be there. Uncle was excited about it. He used to be a prominent lodge man."

"Mrs. Kimbel, if Mary isn't asleep, may I go see her a minute?"

"No, she isn't asleep. Go right up. Her door is open."

Ann went into the room, lighted only by a reflection from the hall lamp. She went to the bed, whispered, "Hello, Mary!"

The covers were thrown back. Ann felt two short arms come up to greet her. "Oh-h! Miss Larson!"

Ann sat down on the bed, took one of the hands close in both of hers. "I can't stay but a second, Mary. I just wanted to tell you how I'll miss you tomorrow. Really, I don't know how I'll get on without you. You're such a help with the littlest ones."

"I—I'm sorry. I do want to go. But—but I can't."

Ann hesitated, hunting for the right words. "Your mother told me about the bill. Of course, Uncle Andrew has lost it some place. It'll show up. Couldn't you make your mother know you didn't take it?"

Ann felt the little figure under the covers stiffen. "You mean—tell her

about my two-dollar bill? Oh, no, Miss Larson! That's a secret. A great, big secret! I couldn't tell her about that!"

Ann's throat ached. "I see, Mary. Of course, you can't tell. We'll miss you tomorrow, but you and I will go to the zoo all by ourselves someday. We'll have us a time, won't we?"

"Ummm—I'd love to go with you!"

Ann rose. "It's a date, honey." She bent and kissed the hot little cheek. "You are a darling, Mary. I hope, someday, I have a little girl exactly like you."

"NO, Mrs. Kimbel, I can't stay. Phil is waiting for me at the Fowlers. I said good-night to Mary, told her we'd all miss her tomorrow."

"Miss Larson—I've been thinking. I wonder if I shouldn't let her go."

"No," said Ann, quickly. "You have said she couldn't. You have to stick by it. But I do wish you'd search your uncle's room again. He must have mislaid the bill—in a book or a magazine or under some papers. It must be somewhere."

Mrs. Kimbel stared in puzzled misunderstanding. "But I told you! I found the bill—"

"I don't think it's the right one." Ann felt herself floundering. "Anyhow, please hunt again! And if you find it, call me. I don't care what time of night."

But although Ann did not go on to bed until long past midnight, there was no call from Mrs. Kimbel.

The cars, laden with excited, happy little children pulled out of the school yard.

"Why'n't we go, Miss Larson?" questioned Larry. "We're the last car."

"I know. We'll go in a minute, Larry." Ann started the motor, but still she hesitated.

And then—she saw, flying down the street, a little figure in bright, red sweater, the sun glinting on golden curls.

"Mary! Mary!"

"It's Mary!" screamed Larry. "She said she couldn't come. Hi Mary! Hurry up! You 'most got left!"

Ann reached out and pulled the panting child in. She started the car.

"So—Mommy found the bill?"

Mary drew a long breath. "Uncle Andrew found it. What do you think?" She lifted shining eyes. "He was showing his big gold watch to some men at the meeting. His lodge gave it to him. An' he opened the back, an' there was his two-dollar bill all folded up! He'd forgotten he put it there. He told about it at the breakfast table, an' Mommy looked at me an' said, 'Can you make it, Mary?' an' I couldn't finish my cereal or nothing. We had to hurry awful."

Ann smiled down into the beaming little face. "I'm so glad, darling. And you—you still have your secret."

Mary snuggled closer. "It's a beautiful secret, Miss Larson. It's the bestest secret in all the world." THE END



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## THE SPICE OF LIFE

### Fooled

Uncle John was departing, and presented his nephew with a five-dollar bill.

"Now, be careful with that money, Tommy," he said. "Remember the saying, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"

"Yes, Uncle, but thank you for parting with it just the same."

—The Schoolmaster.

### Music Critic

A concert was being held in a village schoolroom, and it was Sandy's turn to give his bagpipe solo. When he had finished and applause had died down, a voice from the back shouted: "Give us 'Annie Laurie,' Sandy!"

"What!" asked Sandy, "Again?"

—Allied Youth.

### Everything O. K.

"Oh, John!" shrieked Mrs. Dorkins. "The baby has swallowed a silver piece."

Mr. Dorkins took a handful of change out of his pocket and looked it over.

"Calm yourself, Maria," he said. "It was that counterfeit quarter I've been trying to get rid of."

—Watchman-Examiner.

### Stop, Look, Listen

To avoid that run down feeling—cross the streets carefully.

### Imitations

"Lady, if you'll give us a nickel, my brother will imitate a hen."

"What will he do, cackle?"

"Naw, he wouldn't do a cheap imitation like that. He'll eat a worm."

### Surprise!

A father was buying a fountain pen for his son's graduation gift.

"It's to be a surprise, I suppose," said the clerk.

"I'll say it is," said the father. "He's expecting a convertible coupe."

—McCall Spirit

### Colorful Wedding

A recent society bride had six bridesmaids in hyacinth blue and two pages in rich crimson velvet, with gold lace. A pale bridegroom completed the color scheme.

### A System

Visitor: "Do you sailors wash your clothes on board ship?"

Sailor: "No, we throw them overboard and they are washed ashore."

### Culinary Note

Statisticians say a large percentage of accidents take place in the kitchen. And husbands have to eat and pretend to enjoy them.

### Bargain

"I'll give you a penny for a kiss," said Auntie.

"A penny," said little Junior disdainfully. "Why I get more than that for taking castor oil."

—Shield

### Hair-raising Story

A man dropped his wig in the street and a boy picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."

—Builders



"Must you eat those crackers in this nest?"



## NOT AS THE WORLD GIVES

(Continued from page 18)

"Ganado needed everything. The Presbyterian Board was generous, but I wanted more money than they could give. So, every chance I got I went around the country, talking to our church people. I tried to make them see this Indian country, not as a desert waste, but as suffering men and women. And how they responded! I asked and I received; I knocked and the door was opened.

"I don't mean that money has always come easily to us, or that we have everything we want. But I believe we have tapped the deep eternal underground river of human kindness."

The hospital, in 1929, was an adobe house with twelve beds, two nurses, and one sterilizer heated by kerosene. Nobody expected it to be anything more than an infirmary for the students at the mission school. When Doctor Salsbury said he was going to bring sick Navajos to Ganado for treatment—even if he had to set up tents for the overflow—people said he was stretching brotherhood too far. This was a wilderness almost as large as all New England, without one doctor or dentist in private practice, and so many sick Navajos that whatever one man could do would be like a grain of desert dust.

Salsbury did not believe that a human being was excused from helping his neighbor simply because he was only one man and his effort might seem small. He started out, riding over roads which in those days were only trails to water holes, traveling about 2,000 miles a month. He stopped at every Navajo hogan he passed, and in nearly every one there was sickness, with the patient lying on a dirt floor beside a smoky fire. Navajos, he discovered, had all the white men's diseases, except cancer, which rarely occurred.

"I didn't know the Navajo language," Salsbury told us, "and the Navajos distrusted all white men, and with good reason. Many would not let me inside their hogans. They believed in their own medicine men who treated them with songs and sand pictures, and, incidentally, charged them exorbitant prices. However, since medicine men were so expensive, the Navajos began to bring me their sick horses. The horses got well, so the Indians let me pull teeth. After I had extracted seventy-five molars in one day, the Navajos said I could treat their women, for a woman's life was not as valuable as a man's.

"Then came trouble that almost ended my work. I had persuaded an Indian couple to bring their daughter to our hospital. She had been severely injured in a fall from a horse. While in my care, she had an embolism and died. I could not make her parents understand that an embolism could happen to anyone in her condition. All they knew was—I had

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promised to look after her—and she was dead.

"That night a couple of hundred whooping Indians with burning pinon branches, and ropes across the saddle pommels, rode up to our gate. A Navajo interpreter told me they were shouting they had come to kill the white doctor and burn the mission. I was going out to face them, when, all of a sudden, an old medicine man named Red Point, whom I had never met, began to make a speech. 'One girl has died,' he said, 'but the white doctor has cured many. I have heard his car in the valley; I have seen him climb the steep mountain. He comes not to take, like most strangers, but to give. Under his white skin, he has an Indian heart. Let him work among us in peace!'"

"Those Indians put out their torches and rode away. Red Point and I became fast friends. He used to tell his people, 'The white doctor and I do not always see eye to eye, but we consult each other, and we both learn much.'"

Many Indians were still suspicious, even after the \$50,000 hospital was built in 1930, with five doctors and twenty-five nurses on the staff. The Navajo religion teaches that a house in which anyone dies becomes accursed and when a Navajo nears death he is carried outside his hogan. If he dies suddenly inside, his family must find a new place to live. So, whenever a death occurred in the hospital, patients jumped out of the windows and took to their heels. Every death threatened the whole future of the mission, because if the Navajos began thinking of the hospital as a devil house, it would have to be abandoned.

Salsbury was forced to adopt firm measures. Many Navajos were bringing their sick to the mission only when they were far past medical help. So he refused to take into the hospital hopeless cases, explaining over and over that their sick must come to Ganado not to die but to get well.

And he talked straight from the shoulder to the medicine men and chiefs: "Tuberculosis and other diseases are killing many Navajos. Too many of your women die in childbirth, and your burial grounds are heaped with children's graves. I do not ridicule your religion: your gods are as sacred to you as my God is to me. Nor do I laugh at your medicine, for all doctors know very little. I only say—I can heal Navajos who would otherwise die. You are the leaders of your tribes. Say to them the hospital is not a devil house. Let us be friends and work together to make your people strong."

"This is a new thing," Chief Chee Dodeg answered. "You make us be-

lieve we are not white man and Indian, but brothers. We will tell our people there is so much good at Ganado that death cannot make it accursed."

After that, Salsbury had no trouble at the hospital. "From the first," Salsbury said, "we tried to make the Indians think of Ganado not as a relief bureau which gave them handouts but as a place where they were free and equal, because they paid their way."

"We always charged them a small fee—a penny for some pills, or a load of firewood for a tonsillectomy, or a bag of wool for childbirth care. Many able-bodied Indians liked to pay us by labor. Little by little, they began to get the idea that we all belonged to each other. When I heard them saying, 'Ganado is our place,' I believed we were making progress."

Salsbury saw how neglected the Navajos were; in mind as well as in body. Seventy-five percent of their children had no chance to learn. Everyone said, "Wait and let the government build more schools." But Salsbury was no man to wait. In 1930, he announced the opening of a nursing school for Indian girls. At first the Navajos opposed this because they did not believe

in girls leaving

home for a career.

Again, Salsbury en-

listed the aid of

Red Point, who told

his people what this

new kind of educa-

tion would mean to

their daughters. Fi-

nally, two Navajo

girls enrolled. Salsbury and his staff gave those two students three years of tough training. Both passed with flying colors the Arizona State Board examinations for the degree of Registered Nurse.

Salsbury arranged graduation exercises that would be a milestone in Navajo history. Indians in tribal dress packed the hall which was decorated with tree branches and fresh flowers. Doctor Salsbury and his staff wore their academic robes with blue and scarlet hoods. The high-school band played Indian songs. The commencement speaker was Red Point, in medicine man's costume. The two graduates, after receiving their nurses' caps, were given the Ganado Nurses' Benediction: "The Grace of God be in your hands to minister His healing."

"Ever since, we have been receiving applications from the Atlantic states to the Arctic Circle," Salsbury told us. "So far, with our limited accommodations, we've made nurses out of 140 Indians, and two Eskimos who came all the way from Alaska have graduated and two are in training. I have had a hard time keeping any graduates on our staff, because big city hospitals keep offering them far better salaries than a mission can afford to pay. They have more skill than the average white nurse.

and a great deal more of compassion.

"I made up my mind to keep our nurses in touch with the best in science. So I spent months stumping the country, getting top-notch doctors interested in Canado. Now every summer about a dozen specialists come out here, at their own expense, and give us courses for about a week in the latest medical discoveries.

"Since 1928, hundreds of Indian boys and girls have been graduated from our grade and high schools. All of them are earning a good living; some have gone on to colleges and universities and become teachers of their people. Given the facilities, we could have graduated thousands instead of hundreds. Again and again, Indian parents say to me, 'Please take our children. They will be good and work hard. We do not want them to be poor and ignorant like us.' And I have to tell them our school is filled. Long ago, I put a sign in my office that says: 'Canado Is The Center Of The World. You Can Go Anywhere From Here.' I wish those words could come true for every Indian child who wants our schooling.

"There is so much we have not been able to accomplish! Our girls wanted the nurses' home so badly that we dug the foundations in the dead of winter. Our women kept fires going day and night to soften the ground. We men, white and Indian, started digging. Nobody could tell what man belonged to which race, because we were all covered with smoke and dirt. We became what I had always wanted us to be—fellow human beings doing a job for other human beings who needed it done.

"We have the deepest sense of brotherhood, I think, at Christmas. Our greatest event is the Nativity play. Navajos take all the parts, in their own language. My throat always feels tight when one of those shepherds says: 'The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the shadow of death, upon them has the light shined.'"

Our last day at Canado was the last of the Spiritual Conference. There was a picnic supper around a campfire, and it was good to eat and sing and talk together. When night came, Doctor Salisbury set off rockets and Roman candles. As they mounted in the darkness, our hearts rose with them. Our hopes for the world were, like the rockets, a shower of stars in a black sky.

We left the mission early the next morning. Soon the trees were far behind us, and we were surrounded by sagebrush and dust. We stopped at a roadside stand for water. Two men were talking together. Theirs were the first voices we had heard since leaving Canado. One man said to the other, "All I want is a simple answer to a simple question—what's in it for me?" We were back, my husband and I, in another world.

THE END

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# PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Film Reviews and Ratings by the  
PROTESTANT  
MOTION PICTURE COUNCIL

**B**ECAUSE of its outstanding moral, social and religious values, plus the splendid acting and technical skills employed in its production, this saga of whaling ships is a rare achievement in family entertainment.

It is a great American tale of courage, thrilling to the core. And in it there is none of the brutality, drunkenness, debauchery, killing and lawlessness which mar too many stories pegged for the "adventure" category.

Not alone in title, but also in content throughout, "Down to the Sea in Ships" is an emotionally moving commentary on the words of the Psalmist: "They that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. . . . They cry unto the Lord in their trouble. . . . He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

The story is essentially that of three persons. There is old Captain Bering Joy (Lionel Barrymore), hard-bitten but deeply religious master of the whaler *Pride of Bedford*, whom the ship-owners wish to retire but can't quite handle. There is his young grandson Jed (Dean Stockwell) who wants to become a master whaler like his ancestors before him. And there is the first mate (Richard Widmark) who has been foisted upon Captain Joy by the owners who fear the old captain cannot survive another voyage.

These three come into sharp conflict amid the exciting whaling operations and the arduous battles against fog-ridden and ice-jammed seas. The combination of the silent battle of wills with the exciting conflicts with the sea afford episode after episode that will keep you on the edge of your seats. Through it all Jed comes finally to understand the true greatness of his grandfather and sees the importance of the kind of character the old man was trying to implant in him.

The definite inclusion of the Christian background will be appreciated by those who too long have felt the absence of this element. Captain Joy makes of prayer a frequent practice. His Bible is his chart and faith his compass. He starts his voyage with the command to "bare and bow," and

## "Down to the Sea in Ships"



During a lull in the excitement of a whaling expedition, Jed (Dean Stockwell) unceilingly learns his ABC's. His teacher is the first mate (Richard Widmark).

he knows the ways of Providence and submits to a will higher than his own.

We have been asking for pictures containing such elements as are here so dramatically combined. Now that we have this excellent answer from 20th Century-Fox, we bespeak for "Down to the Sea in Ships" the support it deserves. **A, Y, C**

### OTHER CURRENT FILMS

#### Audience Suitability Ratings:

A—Adults; Y—Young people 12 to 18;  
C—Children under 12.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements, either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide. Films starred thus (★) are of exceptional merit.

★ **THE QUIET ONE** (Produced by Janice Loeb for Film Documents. Released by Mayer-Burstyn). This outstanding documentary faces the problem of the unloved and unwanted child candidly and courageously. Infinite care has been given to the narrative as personal comment by the school's psychiatrist. The action is directed to allow the audience to share in the boy's experience to the utmost. The camera leads one from tawdry Harlem tenements to the swimming hole and the meadows near the school for boys to which the Negro child is taken for rehabilitation. One is left with a tremendous conviction that this child's problems are ours to mend. A social document which should give the church food for thought and desire for action. **A, Y**

**QUARTET** (Eagle-Lion). Four stories by W. Somerset Maugham are introduced by the author. They depict widely differing life situations, from quiet satire to poignant drama. Each has its own cast

and director and can be judged on its own merit. Their quality is uniformly excellent and the acting quite out of the ordinary. Some drinking and gambling are in the plots. **A**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC** (20th Century-Fox). Informative as well as entertaining, this Cinecolor production is a popularized version of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railroad through the Northwest passage in the Canadian Rockies. There is a minimum of bloodshed, even though there is some hard fighting. Some drinking—in which the principals do not share—is frowned upon and the saloon is shown as a destructive force. Suspense is sustained, action is swift and interest is captured from the beginning. Excellent family entertainment. **A, Y, C**

**CITY ACROSS THE RIVER** (Universal-International). Drew Pearson introduces this story of the growing problem created by adolescent boys' gangs and he makes some pertinent remarks on civic responsibility for the eradication of social and moral conditions contributing to it. A grim, tense and dramatic "slice of life." If not exploited as a "suspense and thrills" picture, this could be a fine example of what *not* to do. Excellent production. **A**

**THE GREEN PROMISE** (RKO). An unpretentious picture depicting the problems of an opinionated farmer (Walter Brennan) who, when he sees that he has been wrong, admits it and is willing to change. The primary plot introduces the work of the 4-H Clubs and the assistance given by the County Agricultural Agent. Helpful practice of cooperation in community and family life is demonstrated and the country church's ministry is given proper place. **A, Y, C**

**MAN TO MEN** (Albert Pink Production; *Siritzky International release*). The story of the Swiss Henri Dunant who, after witnessing the suffering of the wounded in the battle of Solferino in 1859, became the moving spirit in establishing the International Red Cross. The presentation is dramatic, the French dialogue pertinent, the English lines good. One of the better film biographies. **A, Y**

**THE RED PONY** (Republic). Even though the action is slow, emotional currents run so powerfully in this film that suspense is maintained and atmosphere is created. These gradually focus on the sensitive boy whose world is his new red pony and the understanding hired man. The picture ends with promise of a warmer family life and a larger, happier world for all. Some factors, such as a gory scene portraying the boy's fight with buzzards, make the picture more suitable for mature family audiences. Excellent musical score and color photography. **A, Y**

**MOTHER IS A FRESHMAN** (20th Century-Fox). A handsomely produced and often amusing story of a widowed mother who, low in funds, avails herself of a scholarship to the college attended by her daughter. When a young bachelor professor becomes interested in Mother, causing Daughter much distress, this film has some serious moments before ironing itself out. The professor's behavior and his approach to students is occasionally surprising. For instance, cocktails at his home are completely out of order in such a story. **A, Y**

**BAD BOY** (Allied Artists). A dramatization of the work done for the rehabilitation of criminal boys at the Boys' Ranch sponsored in Texas by the Variety Clubs. Though written and played with good intentions, this picture is not altogether convincing. It might be used as a basis of discussion on the proper treatment of delinquents and the causes for their behavior. **A**

**TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME** (MGM). A musical comedy which is both musical and comic, with no other intention but to entertain. Ball playing is only incidental background for Frank Sinatra's singing, Gene Kelly's dancing and Esther Williams' swimming and other activities. **A, Y, C**

**FLAMINGO ROAD** (Warner). A story concerned with corrupt politics in a mid-western town. There is much too much drinking, the ethics are most reprehensible, and the general atmosphere is that of the "smoke-filled room" where poker and politics mix unpleasantly. **A**

**THE STREETS OF LAREDO** (Paramount). An exciting drama of the American frontier days in Texas before law and order had come to stay. The drama is elemental, the acting suitably virile. Technicolor heightens the beauty of the Texas landscape but points up the implements of torture and the blood shed in the process. Much too strong for children. **A, Y**

**THE BRIBE** (MGM). The experiences of an F.B.I. man who, sent to an island south of the U.S.A. to check on the activi-

ties of smugglers, becomes faced with the dilemma of doing his duty or accepting a bribe. Vacillating ethical values, sordid. **A**

**THE AFFAIRS OF A ROGUE** (British; Columbia). Set in early nineteenth-century England, this is fairly accurate historically and is presented without undue offense. There is skilled attention to details and consistently good acting by a large cast. The considerable drinking, though lamentable, is true to the times and setting. **A, Y**

**JOHN LOVES MARY** (Warner). This comedy of errors, built mainly on false situations in the reunion of a soldier and his love, manages to produce many laughs and provide a surprise ending. There is a great deal of drinking, but drunkenness is made objectionable. Though marriage is used as a device to obtain a passport (which is wrong) the institution of marriage itself is not slighted. **A, Y**

**KNOCK ON ANY DOOR** (Columbia). Another excursion into juvenile delinquency which places the blame squarely on the doorstep of an indifferent society. This is a tragedy with very little humor, set in slum backgrounds. While engrossing and emotionally stirring, one wonders whether the boy criminal might be a hero to juvenile audiences. **A**

**EL PASO** (Paramount). A fierce story, set in the great American Southwest, after the Civil War. Though starting pleasantly enough, it soon goes into a welter of violence, brutality and murder. Good, if vivid, Cinecolor photography. **A**

**TOO LATE FOR TEARS** (United Artists). During the course of this picture the villainous heroine (Elizabeth Scott) succeeds in violating practically all moral and ethical standards. Murder, lying and immorality are all in her stride. **A**

**THE LAST BANDIT** (Republic). An exciting western along fairly classic lines—done in impressive Trucolor, with fast action amid beautiful scenery. **A, Y, C**

**FALSE PARADISE** (United Artists) A Hopalong Cassidy western. Not much to praise, and little to criticize. **A, Y, C**

**I CHEATED THE LAW** (20th Century-Fox). A slow and complicated court-room drama, with gangster complications. Cruel murders and much drinking. **A**

**THE CLAY PIGEON** (RKO). The story of a returned veteran who is accused of treason and murder and has to go through strenuous experiences before clearing himself. Exciting, if occasionally improbable.

**SHERIFF OF WICHITA** (Republic). Some fighting and much shooting in a picture portraying the efforts of a girl to clear her father's name and to right some wrongs. Suspense, good riding, fair western. No drinking. **A, Y**

**BOSTON BLACKIE'S CHINESE VENTURE** (Columbia). A fairly exciting detective plot involving Chinatown and stolen jewels. Practically no drinking. **A, Y, C**



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## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 8)

If His love, awakened through His cross, will not open them, He will not enter. He awaits the invitation, "Come into my heart, Lord Jesus." Then He rides in triumph into the hearts of men to become master of their lives. If we love Him, we will serve Him. His authority is the authority of love. He makes no other claim to kingship.

### Questions:

*Read Luke 19:42. What are "the things that make for peace"? Are the nations of the world depending on the right things for peace? What would Jesus think about international policies based on balance of power, stockpiles of atomic bombs and economic pressures?*

*How do you explain the driving out of the grafting merchants from the temple? Was this in character with the humility of Jesus? In what situations does love demand such exercise of authority? Did the moneychangers and cattle merchants run from Him because He came with earthly power or was the force that drove them moral and spiritual?*

### ● Sunday, May 8th

## JESUS ANSWERS HIS CRITICS

MARK 11:27-33; 12:28-34

THE leaders of Israel were angry, desperate men as they saw Jesus become the center of popular interest. He was so bold in defiance of them. He spoke with such assurance. The echo of the shouts of the crowds receiving Him as their king still rang in their ears. If only they could discredit Him before the people! Often they had tried to puzzle Him with their clever questions. Always He had proved their master. On this Tuesday of Holy Week they redoubled their efforts with just as little success.

In our Scripture lesson the first challenge demanded that Jesus prove His authority to teach the people. To them Jesus was an upstart, a Galilean carpenter making pretensions to be a prophet and teacher. He had no formal training in theology. Jesus knew the insincerity of their question, so He did not answer them. Indeed He had publicly claimed direct relationship to God many times and given God, His Father, as the source of His authority. So He asked them a question as to the authority of John the Baptist. John was a popular hero and martyr. He had also given testimony to Jesus as the Christ. To answer that John's authority was God-given would mean logically that they should accept Jesus. To deny John's divine call would open them to the derision of the crowd. Their attempt to discredit Jesus had backfired.

With red faces they had to say, "We do not know." How the crowd must have shouted in delight!

Between this incident and the second part of our lesson is the record of continued contention. This Tuesday of Holy Week has well been called "The Day of Conflict." Jesus told a cutting parable of the servants who killed the son of the owner of the vineyard where they worked. His enemies saw the point and tried to arrest Him, but He was too popular. They tried to catch Jesus with a question about paying taxes to Rome. Again their smartness backfired. The Sadducees, no friends of the Pharisees, joined with them in the attacks on Jesus. They tried to confuse Him with a question as to family life in Heaven. Again Jesus showed Himself their master. As the psalmist wrote: "The wicked is ensnared in the work of his own hands."

The second Scripture passage continues from this point. A theological question was put to Jesus, one the scribes and Pharisees loved to discuss: "Which is the most important of the commandments?" The Pharisees laid great emphasis on the regulations regarding worship, the ceremonial laws.

Jesus replied by coupling quotations from Deuteronomy 6:4, 5 and Leviticus 19:18. How effectively Jesus used Scriptures! We would find courage and strength if we had a more usable knowledge of God's Word.

"GOD SO LOVED . . . that He gave." That is the inevitable outcome of love. We give ourselves unselfishly for others in the measure we give ourselves to God. So the second commandment is the fruit of the first. The Jews had the commandment of love for their neighbors, but they restricted the meaning of "neighbor." It had racial and other limitations. Jesus took geography out of the meaning of neighbor in that great parable of the Good Samaritan. Our neighbors are those who need what we can give, wherever they live, or whatever their race or class.

The scribe who had asked the question seems to have been satisfied with Jesus' answer; He seems to have recalled Samuel's reprimand to Saul: "To obey is better than sacrifice" (1 Samuel 15:22). He showed that he knew the way into Christ's kingdom. Would he be brave enough to travel it?

The authority of Jesus came from what He was, rather than from the logic of His message. His critics were too prejudiced, too proud to recognize their king. Their hope was to confess the creed of Peter, and of the faithful Christians of all the ages, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

### Questions:

*There were good reasons for Jesus' public debates with His enemies. But does religious debate usually pay? Are*

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men won to Christ by logic or by love? In Romans 13:10, Paul speaks of love as "the fulfilling of the law." What did he mean? Is there any other more valid motive for Christian living than the love of Christ? Read John 14:15.

• Sunday, May 15th

## JESUS ON THE JUDGMENT

MARK 13:1, 2, 28-37

"WHAT wonderful stones and what wonderful buildings!" The glory of the temple never lost its charm for pious Jews. The temple that Jesus knew had been built by Herod. Tradition tells us that over 18,000 workmen were employed in building it. Stones were set in its foundation that measured as much as 24 feet long by 4 feet in width and height. The disciples of Jesus were mostly country folk and would be deeply impressed with this magnificent building. When Jesus spoke as though it was to be destroyed they were puzzled and horrified. What did He mean when He said that "not one stone would be left upon another?"

During this last week with His disciples, Jesus spent the days in the temple and the nights on Mt. Olivet. He probably ate the morning and evening meals in the home of Martha and Mary in Bethany. When the little band left the city gates and climbed Olivet, they stopped to rest. As they looked back upon the city, crowned by the golden dome of the temple, the disciples returned to the question uppermost in their minds.

WHAT ABOUT THE DOOM awaiting their temple? It would be safer to discuss it here than where they would be overheard. Human nature vents its hate upon any prophet of doom. It refuses to understand that the prophet is not responsible for the doom he foresees. He does not create bad news, he reports it.

Specifically the disciples wanted to know what would be the signs by which they might expect the destruction of the Holy City. To understand Jesus' answer, we must remember that He would not give particular signs, but only general. He deliberately left the time of judgment indefinite. Nor did the answer of Jesus clearly distinguish between the destruction of the city and His second coming in glory. The judgment on Jerusalem was a symbol of the final judgment.

Here are some of the signs Jesus gave them. There would be false messiahs. We have at least two reported in Acts, Theudas (5:36) and Simon Magus (8:9). They are only samples of a host of charlatans that are still playing upon the religious hopes of humanity. Read the religious ads in any Saturday newspaper and you will see that they are still at work.

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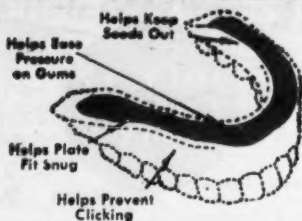
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THERE WOULD BE WARS and rumors of wars. It was the campaign of the Roman general Titus in A.D. 70 that resulted in the immediate fulfillment of Jesus' prophecy. The siege was horrible beyond description. The Jews crowded into Jerusalem as the armies encircled them. They held to the superstition that they would be safe in the shadow of the temple. Terrible hunger soon came. Bands of zealots invited into the city to fight for it plundered and killed instead, till the Holy of Holies was desecrated with the bodies of their victims. To complete the desecration the plundering Roman legions tore the temple down in literal fulfillment of Jesus' prophecy. After the victory they set up a statue of Jupiter on the great altar of sacrifice. That the Christians accepted Jesus' warning is shown by the fact that few, if any, remained in the city when the armies of Titus approached.

Wars and rumors of wars are still with us. With each new war there are those who believe the end of the world is near. Wars are a reminder that Christ will come in judgment. But we must also be reminded that we do not know the time.

Earthquakes and famines, too, are signs to be read. Cataclysms of nature have always awed men. We are so helpless before them. Persecutions will come upon the church. Traitors to the Christian community will add to the terror. The persecuted for Christ's sake will be supported by the Holy Spirit. They will find courage to meet the test. It was true in the First Century and it is still true in the Twentieth. All this will tell us that Christ is coming again in glory. But it will not tell us when or how.

THE DISCIPLES wanted an exact time schedule for the end of the world. They received a general prophecy. They were encouraged to read the signs as they read the signs of harvest in the growing trees. They were warned to be always ready. "Watch, therefore, for you do not know when the master of the house will return." The purpose of reading the signs of the time is that we may be alert every day, every hour. That Jesus will return is as sure as the destruction of Jerusalem. Remember, it is Jesus who will come, the same loving Christ who gave His life for us. If we love Him our faith will drive out all fear of judgment.

### Questions:

*Is fear of the judgment a good and lasting motive for loyalty to Christ? Need the Christian, forgiven his sin through Christ, fear the judgment? How does fear of the judgment open the way to conversion? Which motive is the more effective and lasting, fear of the judgment or the love of Christ?*

*If Jesus had wanted to tell His disciples the exact hour or day or century*

*of His second coming, would He have talked to them as He did in this chapter? Why did He proclaim the certainty of His coming and the uncertainty of its time?*

• Sunday, May 22nd

## THE LORD'S SUPPER

MARK 14:12-25

THE meaning of the Lord's Supper has been the subject of heated controversy in the Church. It is still variously understood in the Protestant denominations. Teachers of this lesson should consult the literature of their own Sunday-school boards for aid in interpretation. For a recent book on the subject, I suggest "The Lord's Supper: Seven Meanings" by Harold E. Fey (Harper & Brothers, 1948, \$1.50).

Time was running out for Jesus. That for which He had come was nearly completed. His major concern just now was the faith of His disciples. They were about to undergo a tremendous shock as they saw Him go to His death. They must be prepared for it. In spite of His warnings that He must suffer and die and in spite of His promises that He would arise on the third day, His disciples still hoped that He had been speaking in figures of speech. Their concept of a messiah was colored by the expectation of their race. They hoped for the restoration of their nation and the building of a Hebrew empire like that of David and Solomon. A dead king could never realize that hope for them.

The Passover feast gave Jesus opportunity for one last hour of quiet fellowship with His disciples. It would be an experience they would never forget. It would lift the historic feast of their nation to become the sacrament of His Church. As Christians of all future ages observed this feast they would regain for themselves something of the intimate fellowship with Christ and with each other that this first Lord's Supper offered the disciples.

The arrangements for the feast were assigned to Peter and John as Luke tells us. To identify the place where they were to meet they were to look for a certain water-carrier. Carrying a pitcher of water to the Passover feast was common to the ceremony. This sign would tell the apostles that here was a faithful Jewish family preparing for the Passover. In that house they would find a room for their own Passover together.

Many believe that this was the house of John Mark, a place where the disciples often met together. This same upper room may have been the place where the disciples would later gather to receive the Holy Spirit on Pentecost. Certainly the householder knew Jesus well and gladly provided the room. Would Jesus invite Himself to our homes with the same certainty of welcome?

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PETER AND JOHN would attend to all the many details of preparation for the feast. The paschal lamb would be taken to the temple and sacrificed by the priests. Then the meat would be cooked with bitter herbs and the unleavened bread provided. When Jesus and His disciples arrived, all was ready.

Was all ready? No. Provision for the washing of the dusty feet of the disciples had not been made. It was a slave's task and the disciples had no slaves. John is the only evangelist who tells this story. Why did not Peter and John offer to play the slave and wash the feet of Jesus and their comrades? Pride still ruled their hearts. Perhaps they expected that one of the less prominent members of the band would volunteer. To their lasting shame it was Jesus who girded Himself with a towel and knelt before each of them with a basin of water and washed their feet. Peter's half-hearted remonstrance was characteristic, as was his penitent cry: "Lord, not only my feet but also my hands and my head." Pride dies hard, but Jesus can never use a proud disciple.

The Passover was generally a joyous feast. It reminded the pious Jew of the protection God had given his forefathers in Egypt (Exodus 12). A sad note crept into this Passover celebration, for one of the twelve was to betray Jesus. Jesus made this declaration and later gave the sign to John indicating that Judas was the traitor.

The farewell talks of Jesus are recorded in John. In them He had offered the promise of the Comforter. Now Jesus gives to the disciples another comfort—the Lord's Supper. This sacrament provides the assurance of His presence and forgiving love for all Christians who take Him at His word. We do not need to pierce the full mystery of this sacrament in order to reap its benefits. It is enough that in it Jesus offers Himself anew to all who receive in faith.

### Questions:

Was Judas present to receive the Lord's Supper from the hand of Jesus? Read the account in Luke 22.

A faithful member and attendant of the church refused to receive the Lord's Supper because he was wronged by another member and could not bring himself to forgive him. Discuss.

● Sunday, May 29th

## POWER THROUGH PRAYER

MARK 14:32-42

GETHSEMANE was more orchard than garden, as we use the term. That it was a grove of olive trees is well supported by the meaning of "Gethsemane"—the place of the olive press. Jesus went to a familiar and loved spot for His hour of conflict and consecration. Even Judas was certain that He

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would go to Gethsemane directly from the upper room where the Passover had been celebrated.

Eight of the apostles were left near the gate, while the inner circle of three—Peter, James and John—went farther into the garden with Him. These were highly privileged disciples for they, too, had been with Him at the transfiguration. They were natural leaders of the twelve and would be leaders in the early church. Mark is believed to have gotten most of the story of Jesus from Peter and in this account we probably have a first-hand story of all that happened as Peter remembered it.

"My heart is sad, sad even unto death," Jesus told the three. He knew the tragic outcome of this night, tragic in the terms of His own suffering and death, and tragic in the depths to which human sin was to go. He called on the three to be on the watch, but the high emotional experiences through which they had gone made them poor watchmen. Their spirits were no doubt willing but their flesh was very weak.

Jesus needed communion with His Father. No man would ever face a greater test of faith. He needed strength to go through with the awful sufferings of the cross. Even more testing would be the mockery, the hate, the lying and deceit with which His own people would reject Him.

"About a stone's throw" from the three disciples Jesus prostrated Himself on the ground in prayer. The heart of His prayer, uttered three times, is carefully recorded. "Abba, Father" was the term a Jewish lad would use to address a beloved father. For it was with perfect trust that He prayed, "Yet not what I will but what Thou wilt." If there was any way to save sinners without the cross, of course Jesus would desire it. This was not the prayer of a slave but of a son who was sure of God's wisdom and love.

Here is a pattern for all prayer. It must be built on absolute faith in God's power and good will. There must be no whine about it, no suggestion that God is arbitrary in sending us to our crosses. Too much prayer is willful, insistent on getting one's own way from God. Quite rightly we express to God the desires of our hearts. He invites us to do that. But the spirit of prayer is the spirit of sonship. The God to whom we pray is the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

**Questions:**

*Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed.*

*What do you think of this definition of prayer from an old hymn? Which prayers are usually more sincere—the spoken or unspoken?*

*Since God knows what we need or desire why should we pray? List all the reasons that occur to you.*

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# Back Talk

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "Filthy-Minded Old Fools"

• When Grace M. Potter wrote (in "Back Talk," March issue) to recommend deletion from the Old Testament of "unnecessary obscenity" and went on to castigate "the filthy-minded old fools" who wrote the books therein, we knew she was in for some indignant replies from our readers. But we underestimated the deluge! We can't possibly print more than a few; the others we are forwarding to Reader Potter.

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Grace M. Potter says that the discovery of what she termed obscenity "has not in any way affected my faith." She can't possibly claim faith in God the Father—the "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets" (Hebrews 1:1) for He spake through those prophets she calls "filthy-minded old fools." Nor can she claim faith in God the Son, for He on the very day of His resurrection chided His disciples for their slowness of heart "to believe all that the prophets have spoken." Nor can she claim faith in God the Holy Spirit, for II Peter 1:21 declares that "the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God [not filthy-minded old fools] spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Let Reader Potter solemnly ponder Matthew 12:31-32.

Sebring, Fla. MAJOR JOHN BOUTERSE

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Jesus spoke of the O.T. as God's word that could not be broken. He lived by it, knew its contents; its words were constantly on His tongue. The O.T. as He had it was the same as we have it today. The apostle Paul said of Timothy that he had known the sacred Scriptures from a child and that they made "wise unto salvation." There certainly was no hiding of the O.T. from Timothy's young eyes or from any other Jewish child. The Bible sometimes speaks in frank, plain-spoken words; it does not hide all the sins of its heroes. It is not necessary to publicly read all these statements nor dwell upon them unnecessarily.

Waterloo, N. Y. BENJAMIN DEYOUNG

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Should not Reader Potter be searching her own heart instead of the Bible to see what filth should be taken out?

Dayton, Ohio KATHLEEN WARD

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Does Grace Potter know that Moses wrote the first five books of the O.T.; that he was alone with God on the Mount for forty days and nights while He gave him the laws and commandments; that the writing on the tables of stone was God's own handwriting; that David is credited with most of the Psalms, and most of the books of the Prophets (seventeen in number) were written by the prophets themselves? If so, can she still say she has faith in this God who bestowed such high honor upon these "filthy-minded fools" as she calls them? . . . If God saw fit to bestow such

honor upon me, then Writer Potter could tag me as a "filthy-minded fool" and I wouldn't mind a bit, for I would know that my life had pleased God.

Franklin, Tenn.

ALICE L. DUFF

#### TO THE EDITOR:

I perceive that Grace M. Potter is standing in the need of prayer.

Aberdeen, Idaho

HOWARD GAMBILL

#### TO THE EDITOR:

To say that I was shocked is putting it mildly. . . . I've been reading and studying my Bible for sixty years, and I've never found anything in it unfit for children to read. . . . I've brought up four daughters and I never hid my Bible from any of them. . . . It's a dangerous thing to cast slander and doubt on the Word of God. . . . If the writer will put in some good hard study of her Bible, and drop atheist papers and propaganda, she might see things in a different light.

Coventry, Vt.

MRS. W. A. ELLIOT

#### TO THE EDITOR:

The Bible wasn't given to the worldly wise but to sincere seekers after truth, not curiosity seekers. Only those who are ignorant of Scripture pick flaws in it. Let Grace Potter think on II Timothy 3:16: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." Also the warning given in Revelation 22:18, 19.

Durango, Colo.

GENEVA BROWN

#### TO THE EDITOR:

It seems to me that Sister Potter doesn't understand that the Bible is God's Word, not man's. When we call the writers fools, we are not referring to them but to the God who inspired them.

Stewartsville, Ind.

CLEON SUDDARTH

#### TO THE EDITOR:

"Whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." When we start calling the O.T. writers fools, we are calling God a fool.

Manton, Calif.

ARVILLA HOWARD

#### TO THE EDITOR:

All that filth Grace Potter talks about is nothing but a picture of you and me, without Christ. It is shocking to see ourselves as God sees us. But He meant it to be!

Curtis, Nebr.

MRS. F. LARSEN

#### TO THE EDITOR:

Would Grace Potter say, "Away with all of Shakespeare!" because, in the vernacular of this day and age, some of the passages sound rather raw to us?

So. Windham, Me.

EDITH G. LIBBY

#### TO THE EDITOR:

The O.T. writers were instructed of God to inform the world of facts in the same way as your family doctor does. Would anyone call a doctor a fool just because he informed a young woman she was pregnant? . . . We must remember that in those days the people were dependent upon the O.T. for instructions of all kinds.

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Reader Potter would do well to ignore information from atheists. . . . In all tenderness I would advise her to reverently consider the whole Bible, read it in humility before God, and avoid the judgment that is inevitable for all who oppose His word.  
*Bristol, Fla.* BEATRICE BETROS

### Protestant-Catholic Fellowship

TO THE EDITOR:

We made religious history in Peiping recently. The Protestant and Catholic Fellowships in the Catholic University here organized a joint Week of Prayer. Most of the meetings were held at the Catholic University. Some were addressed by their clergy, others by Protestants. . . . One was held in the Mi Shih Church, led by Protestants but attended by the Catholic bishop of Peiping and many of his clergy and laymen as well as by Protestants. The service was largely a liturgy of great Scripture selections, prayers and hymns. A Protestant bishop preached.

*Peiping, China* ERNEST SHAW

• *Bravo! We wish we could point to a few similar gatherings in America.*

### Death on Parade

TO THE EDITOR:

As a student preparing myself to be a funeral director, I can see much in your article (February issue) which is quite true and with which I can easily agree. But . . .

1. The funeral procession moves slowly merely as a mark of respect to the deceased *and to the family*. The funeral director has expensive motor equipment for two reasons: first, such equipment is demanded by the public as a mark of respect; second, it is an economy measure on the part of the funeral director. Cars with more than 5-passenger capacity are made only in expensive models and it is far cheaper to purchase one 8-passenger car than two 5-passenger autos.

2. The practice of taking the body to the mortuary is an aid to the family in their difficult re-adjustment period. To have the body of a loved one laid out in the living room is certainly the most morbid thing I can think of. The informality of a mortuary funeral is far more preferable to me than the pomp of any church funeral.

3. I know of no average funeral director who is making any more than any other comparable professional man. . . . It is against the funeral director's best interests to sell a person a high-priced funeral unless he can really afford it. All morticians I know try their best to undersell the family's income bracket.

4. Most funeral directors *do* consider the expensive purchase of flowers to be a waste; in fact, flowers constitute an expensive nuisance for him.

5. By far the most serious charge made by your writer is that against embalming. . . . Embalming is not merely a sanitary or preservative measure; it is, instead, an artistic measure to take away the sting of loss. Embalming and cosmetology are the best psychological weapons the mortician has in aiding the family to overcome their loss. The funeral director of today is not merely an undertaker; he is a practicing psychologist aiding people at a time when they need aid most of all.

*Boulder, Colo.* RONALD M. BROWN

TO THE EDITOR:

The trouble with blasts of this character is that the authors do not recognize that

present-day practices and customs derive from the desire of the public to get away from the methods of "the good old days," and that the funeral profession is only responding to a demand it did not create. . . . It appears that Mr. McClusky's is a very weak voice crying futilely in a wilderness of overwhelmingly contrary public opinion.  
*Los Angeles, Cal.* WILL A. REYNOLDS

TO THE EDITOR:

Our funerals are not pagan, barbaric, or irreligious. They are chaste, reverent, refined, and deeply religious. Soft music—exactly the right kind—speaks to the heart when words become as sounding brass. Flowers breathe tenderness and hope. Pardon me if I ask Mr. McClusky to please leave us alone.

*Memphis, Tenn.* LEEDA C. NEWMAN

TO THE EDITOR:

I want to commend Thorp McClusky. May I suggest that, instead of sending flowers to the family of the bereaved, a donation be made to one of the many foundations specializing in the treatment of particular diseases? This gift can be sent in memory of the deceased and the foundation will send a notice to that effect to the bereaved family. What a splendid way to erect a living monument to these we honor!

*Buffalo, N. Y.* MRS. GEORGE BERGTOLD

TO THE EDITOR:

Mr. McClusky's unreasonable article makes me wonder if it is not a bitter denunciation of one with a grudge to settle. It smacks of the sort of accusations of the American public that come out of Russia periodically.

*Chicago, Ill.* E. LOUISE WILGUS

TO THE EDITOR:

Seldom have I read a more dishonest report to the people. There may be funeral directors who follow the path described in this article; but not many, I am sure. I could think, without too much trouble, of men in the clergy who don't always follow the traditional path prescribed for them. However, I certainly would not point out a few clergymen's errors and discredit the whole group.

*Winterset, Iowa* NEIL W. ANDERSON

TO THE EDITOR:

Funeral display is one of the outrages of these modern times and I congratulate you that you have so boldly condemned it. . . . Why must we be impoverished for the remainder of our lives to put on a show at the time death visits our homes?

*Firth, Idaho* AGNES JUST REID

TO THE EDITOR:

"Death on Parade" is the most complete study I have seen of the origin of funeral customs, their expansion, abuses and means of reform. The clergy are most grateful to Thorp McClusky for the encouragement and suggestions he has given them in their revulsion against and efforts to control pagan funeral customs.

*Crete, Nebraska* FREDERICK W. LEAVITT

TO THE EDITOR:

"Death on Parade" seems to me to have no place in a respectable periodical such as you publish. In the first place, from a mortician's standpoint, many of Mr. McClusky's facts are absurd, and the true facts can be substantiated merely by checking various sources open for public inspection.

. . . . As for classifying the modern-day funeral as "pagan," our clergy, regardless of religious affiliations, praise the way the dead are cared for in a modern mortuary. Of course it is granted that I am interested in the funeral profession, and will admit that there are some unscrupulous funeral directors, but is there any other profession that does not have this, and also is there any other profession that has done more than we have to prosecute those who bring dishonor by malpractice? . . . We are subscribers of your magazine and have found it most enjoyable and interesting—until reading this article.

*Minot, N. D.*

N. M. KRUEGER

TO THE EDITOR:

The article is misleading and an entirely distorted and prejudicial view of the present custom the American people have adopted in honoring and burying their loved ones. Furthermore, it is a vicious attack on the profession of funeral directors. As publishers of religious calendars for a good many years, we are on very friendly terms with thousands of funeral directors throughout the United States whom we serve in connection with their publicity programs. From time to time a vicious attack like this is made on the profession. Invariably when you run these things down you find that they are inspired by ambitious individuals who are socialistic, or worse, at heart and would like to see the state take over the burial business in America.

The American people have abiding faith in the dignity of man. It is their deep conviction that, when their friends and loved ones take on immortality, their mortal remains should be laid away in a manner that gives them that inner satisfaction that they have done their best for their friends or loved ones at the time they step on into Eternity. When it comes to purchasing a casket, they want to buy the best they can afford and they want their friends and loved ones buried with a ceremony that demonstrates their love and respect. The American people have shown they want the kind of funeral service that we have today. They do not want the kind of funeral service that Mr. McClusky recommends.

*Auburn, Indiana*

H. M. MESSENGER

### The Author Replies

TO THE EDITOR:

Thank you for letting me see the comments concerning my article "Death on Parade." To those who charge that the article is inaccurate, I can only emphasize that the original manuscript was read to the executive head of a large and representative association of funeral directors, and that all errors of fact were corrected before the manuscript was submitted to CHRISTIAN HERALD.

I think I pointed out quite clearly that undertakers as a class are *not* monsters or heartless money-grubbers—that they are as definitely a product of our society as are their customers. The whole point was: Is society—including undertakers—on the wrong track in this entire matter of increasingly materialistic funerals, with their subtle glamorizing of the morbid and the up-to-the-minute, to the detriment of spiritual values? I have not changed my opinion that this is so.

*New York, N. Y.*

THORP MCCLUSKY

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